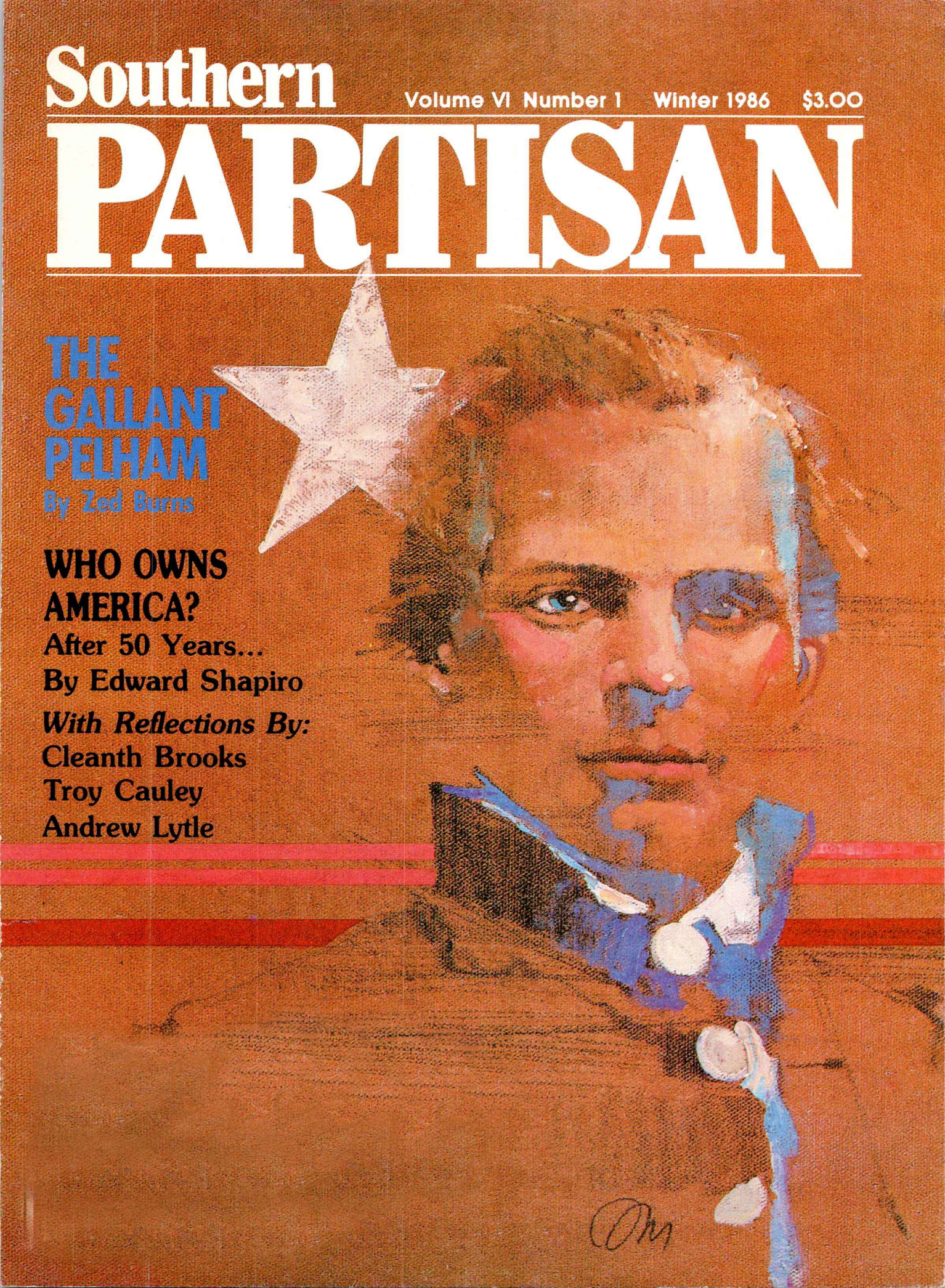
Southern
PARTISAN
Volume VI Number 1 Winter 1986 $3.00

THE GALLANT PELHAM
By Zed Burns

WHO OWNS AMERICA?
After 50 Years...
By Edward Shapiro

With Reflections By:
Cleanth Brooks
Troy Cauley
Andrew Lytle



AMERICAN PRINT GALLERY

DALE GALLON

"Welcome To Mosby's Confederacy"

"Reilly's Battery"

"WELCOME TO MOSBY'S CONFEDERACY": There were times when all it took was a name whispered in the dark--"Mosby"-- and enemy weapons were lowered and prisoners taken. This brilliant lawyer-turned-warrior was never more dangerous than when he was in his own backyard, an area of Virginia known then and now, as "Mosby's Confederacy."

Day and night he harassed Northern communications and supply lines between the Shenandoah Valley and Washington, D.C. Federal commanders ordered an entire corps of infantry frozen in position merely to guard the railroads against "The Gray Ghost."

Dale Gallon, in one of his most recent paintings, "Welcome to Mosby's Confederacy," shows in fine historic detail, Mosby the man who became a legend, his partisan rangers, and the magnificent Virginia countryside Mosby fought for and which bore his name. Image size 11 1/8" x 22". Overall size 15 1/4" x 25". Edition in 950. Price: $75.00 plus $5.00 shipping.

"REILLY'S BATTERY": Reilly's Confederate Battery, Hood's Division, on the right flank of the Army of Northern Virginia at Gettysburg, is shown engaged in counter-battery action with the notable adversaries of Hazlett's Union Battery on Little Round Top. As calm as if at practice, they exchange rounds, cooly, with that remarkably rare brand of courage of the artillerists. Loading and firing by the numbers, machinelike, oblivious of the danger, aware only of their target, they secure a vital section of the Southern line.

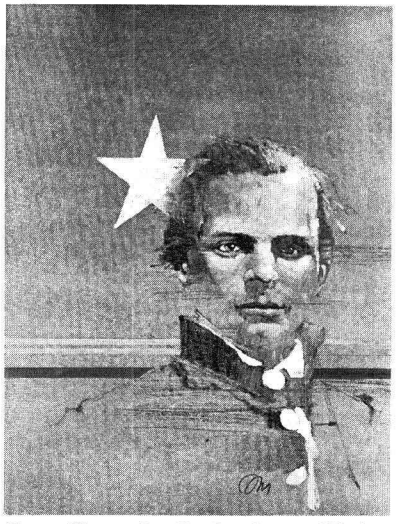
This work represents Dale Gallon's tribute to the artillery branch of the service. Published just after "Hazlett's Battery on Little Round Top," it commemorates the iron men who served their guns at Gettysburg. Image size 10½" x 16". Overall size 15½" x 20". Edition in 950. Price: $50.00 plus $5.00 shipping.

For further information, please send $2.00 for a catalog pack on our complete line of military art to: THE AMERICAN PRINT GALLERY
219 Steinwehr Avenue • Gettysburg, Pennsylvania 17325 • (717) 334-6188 • (800) 448-1863

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Southern
PARTISAN

VOLUME VI NUMBER 1 WINTER 1986



Cover Illustration By Randall McKissick

19 THE GALLANT PELHAM/ Zed Burns gives us a detailed account of the short and splendid life of a boy who quickly became a man and then a hero for all time.

COLUMNS AND DEPARTMENTS

2 PARTISAN LETTERS
5 PARTISAN VIEW/ Richard Quinn
6 OBITER DICTA
7 SCALAWAG AWARD
13 TRIVIUM/ Tom Landess
14 CSA TODAY
45 SOUTHERN SAMPLER/ William Freehoff
45 PARTISAN DICTIONARY
59 BOOKNOTES
61 THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS/ Rod Gragg
62 CLASSIFIED
63 CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL/ John Hurley
64 THE LAST WORD/ Reid Buckley

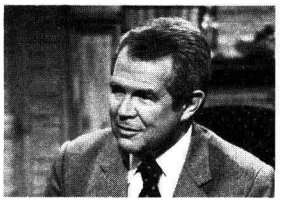
FEATURES

17 S.O.S.: STAMP OUT SOUTHEASTERN/ J.R. Vanover returns with a call to action in defense of our good name.....

26 WHO OWNS AMERICA?... AFTER FIFTY YEARS/ Edward Shapiro recounts the history of a lost legacy lately recovered. This special feature includes reflections by CLEANTH BROOKS, TROY CAULEY and ANDREW LYTLE—three veterans of the intellectual wars who remember one skirmish fifty years ago, and why it's still important.....

35 THE VANISHING FARM/ Franklin Debrot tells us why farming is both a good life and bad business.....

39 PARTISAN CONVERSATION/ We ask Pat Robertson a big question: Are you going to run for President? And then a few bigger ones about the progress of his Christian Broadcasting Network.....



43 LIVING WITH A LOST CAUSE/ Holmes Alexander defends lost causes in this essay published posthumously in our Restoration Series.....

SHORT STORIES/TALL TALES

44 PRESIDENTS I'VE KNOWN/ Carl May tells us how the meeting of great men can enrich your life.....

46 ALL YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE BORN NAKED/ Robert Drake analyzes the bare necessities.....

CRITICUS

48 ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST/ John Yow writes the obituary for Kennesaw, Georgia.....

50 AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN/ J.O. Tate reviews a new book on Stephen Dodson Ramsuer, late of the Confederacy.....

54 HELL'S BROKE LOOSE IN GEORGIA/ James Singleton tells us that Charlie Daniels can tell just as good a story in print as he can in music.....

56 HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS/ David R. Gillespie appreciates this home-spun collection of Confederate songs.....

57 POOR LITTLE OKRA/ Anne Tyler Norman puts in a good word for slime.....

Southern
PARTISAN

EDITOR-IN CHIEF: Richard M. Quinn
PUBLISHER: Charles Scott Hamel
ASSOC. EDITOR: Thomas H. Landess
ASSIST. EDITOR: Richard T. Hines
SENIOR EDITORS: F. Reid Buckley
Boyd Cathey/Robert W. Whitaker
W. D. Workman, Jr.
CIR. MANAGER: Ruth L. Quinn
ART DIRECTOR: Susan Wingard
ADV. MANAGER: Pat Vierling
EDITORIAL ASSIST:
David R. Gillespie
ADVISORS AND CONTRIBUTORS:
Donald Baldwin/M. E. Bradford
John W. Corrington/Allison Dalton
Robert Drake/John East/Rod Gragg
Anthony Harrigan/John Hurley
Michael Jordon/Russell Kirk
Bill Koon/Edward Krickel
Warren Leamon/Andrew Lytle
Robert McHugh/John Douglas Minyard
Harry Poe/Vernon D. Schrader
Stephen Page Smith/J. O. Tate
Sheldon Vanauken/Fredrick Wilhelmsen
John Yow

RATES: The annual subscription rate is $12.00 with a single issue price of $3.00. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add $4.00 to the annual rate ($1.00 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subscribers should add $8.00 to the annual rate ($2.00 to the single issue rate). CORRESPONDENCE: Please address all correspondence, including Letters to the Editor, to THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. MANUSCRIPTS: THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN welcomes unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be typed, double space. Return guaranteed only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. ADVERTISING INQUIRIES Contact Pat Vierling at P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211 (803) 254-3660. Copyright 1984 by THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN Corporation. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without permission is prohibited. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors or publishers. THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN QUARTERLY REVIEW was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellanville, South Carolina who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by The Foundation for American Education and the publication was resumed under the shorter title in the Summer of 1981. In 1984, the magazine was purchased by THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN CORPORATION. THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN (ISSN 0739-1714) is published quarterly for $12.00 per year by THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN Corporation, 1703 Gervais Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29201. Second-class postage paid at Columbia, South Carolina and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, S.C. 29211.

PARTISAN LETTERS

Yays and Nays

Gentlemen:

There is so much I like in your magazine, e.g., "Gott Mit Uns: The Texas German Confederates" that when you indulge in your periodic and usually ignorant Lincoln Trashing, it makes my flesh crawl. "The Dark Side of Abraham Lincoln" has no place in a respectable historic journal. Your main headings give it away: Lincoln WAS NOT the inventor of a new concept of union. Wise men, before and after Lincoln, knew that any nation whose manifest destiny would reach 3,000 miles from coast to coast would require a fairly strong, regulatory central government or anarchy and chaos would ensue. As to the slavery issue: the big nettle was the question of extension into the new states and territories. And your number three heading which stupidly states that Lincoln WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES....is about as responsible a statement as saying that "the Kaiser was responsible for World War One." Sheer poppycock, worthy only of a fool and a bigot. I am not denying that Lincoln assumed unprecedented "wartime powers" and was, in effect, a tyrant. But, remember, the ancient Greeks, who knew a thing or two about civilized democracy, used to ELECT a tyrant to confront just such emergencies. We "elect" a surgeon to cut up our bodies to rid it of cancers and such...well, slavery, per se, was just such a cancer on the body politic. Sagacious men in the South sought to rid their states of this cancer not only because it was morally wrong but because it flew in the face of the currents of agricultural and industrial progress. The War was the responsibility, mainly, of arrogant plantation oligarchs from South Carolina and the odious, crazed abolitionist press of the North. I respect the brave men, North and South, who pledged their honor and did their best, and that includes Jeff Davis and Abe Lincoln.

Robert E. Zimmer
El Cajon, California

Gentlemen:

Thank you SO much for publishing the splendid article on Abraham Lincoln! It was the first really true, honest appraisal of his character and actions I have seen in print.

I have wondered so many times why President Lincoln was never held responsible for the deeds and actions of his generals, when all thru history other leaders have been; why people—and history—have just pointed the finger of blame at Sherman, Sheridan and Hunter, and completely absolved dear, kind-hearted, saintly Abe Lincoln of any responsibility of the senseless barbarity HIS officers carried out against the non-combatants, the helpless, and the widows and the orphans.

No other president, before or since, left this nation so divided, so torn, bleeding and devastated. A hundred years later it had still not completely recovered from the effects of President Lincoln.

Thank you for a splendid magazine, one that dares to publish truth.

(Mrs.) Harriet K. Allen
Huntsville, Arkansas

Missed By A Nose

Gentlemen:

I was depressed to see that the title to my *Last Word* had inadvertantly dropped: "Dadgummit, Legalize Baiting!"

My nose may be out of joint, but I am happy to say that it is still in place, unlike that of a certain distinguished colleague.

Reid Buckley
Camden, South Carolina

Cover-Up

Gentlemen:

Next time you send out a magazine

with a cover that looks like a placard for a movie like "Psycho" or "Halloween III," leave me off the mailing list, 'cause it isn't coming in my house.

Rick Crary
Stuart, Florida

Hankering For More

Gentlemen:

Thanks for the article on Hank Junior. How 'bout an interview with the last Confederate singer? Anybody that would get up on a stage and tell thousands of people that he loves the Confederacy deserves an interview. As Hank said in a song of his: "The South's gonna do it again."

Richard Harris
Union City, Tennessee

Georgia Impeached

Gentlemen:

This is the one issue I read of the *Partisan* that really made me feel bad. I refer to the governor of Georgia turning his back on Jefferson Davis. If he wanted to celebrate King's birthday, O.K., but at the expense of Jefferson Davis? What is the matter with the people of Georgia—that they did not rise up and defend our President?

I shall see to it that I buy nothing from the state of Georgia—no Georgia peaches (only from California) and no peanuts!

Bruce Wilfirth
Rochester, New York

Granting A Point

Gentlemen:

Concerning Richard Quinn's "Partisan View" (Summer, 1985): U. S. Grant's father's leather goods store was in Galena, Illinois, not in St. Louis. I would also be interested in Mr. Quinn's opinions about other "noted writers of fiction" such as Joseph E. Johnston, John B. Hood, Jubal Early and James Longstreet, to name a few (or perhaps, tongue in cheek or not, he might admit that the comment was pushing things too far).

By the way, I always thought that REAL men don't mix bourbon, *period*. In spite of my Yankee background, I do enjoy your magazine.

James A. Adams
Fairfax, Virginia

Ad Hoc

Gentlemen:

As a loyal reader of the *Southern Partisan* I was just a little disturbed to see an advertisement for a book called *The World Order*. While I admit that I haven't sent $16.50 to "World Economic Review," this volume sounds like one of those conspiratorial theories of modern history with an anti-Semitic cast to it, something on the bogus *Protocals of the Elders of Zion*. I hope not.

The *Southern Partisan* has always seemed responsibly devoid of any such malevolent madness, and I would hate to think that your current economic problems would lead you to do business with ideological idiots.

Say it ain't so!

Robert Johnson
Houston, Texas

Editor's Note: We haven't sent in our $16.50 either, so we can't say whether or not the book is anti-Semitic. In fact, we have accepted advertisements for quite a few books we haven't actually read. The ad came in pre-paid, camera-ready, and our over-worked staff accepted it routinely.

Chunky Comparisons

Gentlemen:

In your last issue, Cecile Gray pointed out that women in Ohio are generally quite corpulent. Lest anyone think that her article was frivolous, the *South Bend Tribune* in neighboring Indiana has observed that Indiana ranks tenth highest in porcine people, based on a study by the U. S. Centers for Disease Control. According to CDC, 23 percent of Hoosier men and 27.2 percent of Hoosier women are technically obese, compared to national averages of 14 percent and 24 percent, respectively.

Unfortunately, I do not have the statistics for Ohio, but from personal observation, I can note that Buckeye women are even more sebaceous than their Hoosier counterparts. As a recently transplanted Virginian, I find that as I drink my coffee out of my Stonewall Jackson mug and ponder the General's dying words in somber black lettering, I gain insight into why Hoosiers and Buckeyes volunteered to leave this wasteland to fight on the soil of Lee, Washington, and Jefferson.

Lawrence A. Levin
South Bend, Indiana

Notes On Film

Gentlemen:

I bowed my head in shame when I read, "why do states like South Carolina grovel before [the movie] industry which invariably treats them with undisguised contempt?" (CSA Today, Spring 1985). But I soon recovered and my breast swelled with pride remembering that the same industry got a "thumbs down" from the Citadel.

It is deplorable that Charleston tolerated dirt strewn on the Battery streets. But mud-slinging Pat Conroy was not tolerated. A matter of inconvenience for the citizens is bad and all for monetary gain; but, by Jove, when it came to integrity, Conroy's book on film, *The Lords of Discipline*, did not shoot on Citadel grounds.

Loring Ellis
Hampton, South Carolina

Gentlemen:

...I am sick of the lopsided "neutrality" with which the history books and networks treat the South. They use the locations of the beautiful South, and then slander the land which they represent. To me that's like asking your enemy for the glove with which to slap his face. This is the worst of insults and proves just how Yankeefied California is....

Jim Baker
Bayne City, Michigan

Pining For The South

Gentlemen:

I just wanted to congratulate you for your subtle presentation of a major his-

torical disclosure over the past several issues. Carefully camouflaged as prints by Don Stiver for sale by the "American Print Gallery" inside the front cover of your magazine, you have been running clues about the greatest undercover operation of the Late Unpleasantness.

I'm sure other sharp-eyed readers wondered at these glorious full color prints of what appeared to be a Confederate column crossing a river in Yosemite National Park, and now in your Fall Issue: General T. J. Jackson reining in front of one of the finest stands of lodgepole pine as never grew in Virginia.

Well, the truth can be told at last. Deep within the archives at VMI lies one of the most amazing stories of the War: Jackson didn't die at Chancellorsville. By carefully arranging an "accident" by Confederate pickets in the dusk of an isolated outpost, Lee was able to detach Jackson for a desperate invasion of California, which would have given the collapsing Confederate treasury a needed influx of gold and outflanked the Yankee noose then tightening around the Southern States.

Please run an article on this as soon as you can and in the meantime keep running those marvelous pictures of Confederate troops in the California Sierras.

Thomas H. Lipscomb
New York, New York

Editor's Note: Experts on these matters at the American Print Gallery assure us that the pinetrees behind Stonewall are genuine Southern scrub pines, not California lodgepoles. Unfortunately, not many of our men made it that far west. If they had, those boys in San Francisco would be dating girls and eating grits instead of quiche.

MISSissippi

Gentlemen:

Larry Cobb's "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Up In New York After They've Seen Mississippi?" in the Summer Issue of the *Southern Partisan* was a most well-written piece as far as it went. But there was one glaring deficiency in what he wrote extolling the virtues of small farming in the Deep South (unless some heartless Editor bluepenciled it out). Hopefully, the following will do a little to atone for that omission, no matter what its source:

It has been my experience, traveling around the territory formerly known as the Confederacy the last few years, that Mississippi seems to possess a disproportionate quantity of beautiful women. I am speaking, friends, about NATURALLY beautiful women, who wouldn't be caught dead buying Clairol. They owe their good looks to nature, not some (probably) gay cosmetic chemist; hairstylist; or Name designer. Even the UGLY women in Mississippi are better looking than some of the Upper Medium grade in other states.

Mississippi is the only state that can boast of having back-to-back Miss Americas. While I have not looked into the matter, I do not doubt that Mississippi has had more winners than any other state. (Remember where the present holder of the crown comes from?) I would also imagine that research might turn up an outlandishly high number of close runners up in the years when they did not take the top prize....

May God continue to smile upon you, ladies, because He certainly seems to have showered you with blessings up to now.

Walter Kielland
Holbrook, New York

Huddled Together

Gentlemen:

...Someplace in one of Sinclair Lewis' more obscure novels, *The Godseeker*, I ran across something which has "stuck with me." I paraphrase, not having a copy of this novel in my library.

When the first steam boat put into St. Paul there were several thousand folk out to greet and cheer for the boat and the occasion. Perhaps five thousand or so, I am not sure of the number. But Lewis then says that across the way on a hill a few Indians watched, huddled together, and pulled their blankets up around their shoulders.

I have always liked that.

Now, when I read that CBS (Dan Rather, ye Gods!) has subscribed to the *Partisan*, I await news that the *Washington Post, New York Times, St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *Louisville Courier-Journal* have also subscribed. Ah, then it will be time for me to discard my Cashmere overcoat for an Indian blanket, and retire down to the Bluffs here overlooking the great River, and pull that blanket up around my neck and shoulders. I can even now feel the chill!

James Madison Barr
Memphis, Tennessee

Florida Strikes Back

Gentlemen:

You, Sir, have slandered my home state of Florida and I, for one, am mad as hell (Summer 1985).

As to Florida always having its problems, I take exception. The only problems we have are Yankees and Aliens fostered upon us by a charlatan of a politician from the great State of Georgia.

I will remind you that the State of Florida was among the first to secede and furnished more troops per population than any other state in the Confederacy.

As to "below Naples everything is another world" I must agree with you. But we here in Florida tend to draw the line around Ocala.

I would also remind you that Miami and most of everything south of Ocala was not even in existence during the War Between the States, so I don't think you can count them as part of the Old South.

My family moved to Florida from Georgia and South Carolina in the late 1830s and I take offense to anyone slandering my home...We take great pride in our Southern heritage here and have enough trouble with scalawags and such without editorials on our State such as this one.

Now that I have "vented my spleen," let me say that I enjoy your magazine to the utmost and would be pleased to have you and yours as guests at our Battle of Perry's Plantation in March of 1986.

Archie L. Jackson
Gainesville, Florida

PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

REVENGE OF THE NERD

I was surprised to see our friends at ***The American Spectator*** publish (February 1986) an anti-Southern feature article that would have been stale in ***The New Yorker*** twenty years ago. The author is James Harkness identified only as "a writer and translator who lives in upstate New York." But Mr. Harkness is from Mississippi and his long essay is a bitter reflection entitled "Mississippi Footprints: Lies they live in Greenwood."

With a kind of hip-Faulknerian prose, Harkness tells us about his brief return to Greenwood, Mississippi("The town where I grew up"). He tells us how he found himself a stranger in a vicious community, unchanged in fundamental ways. In the process, he tells us a whole lot more than he meant to.

For example, Mr. Harkness admits that he crept around town hoping not to be recognized; he tells us that, as a boy, he played "touch" football and that he carved his name, not on the old magnolia tree, but just below Defoe on the cover of a worn copy of ***Robinson Crusoe***, a book he checked out repeatedly from the local library. In fact, among all the relationships of his formative years, the only person he remembers well enough to refer to by name is the local librarian.

It doesn't take long to realize here that we are dealing with a Delta version of Stephen Dedalus, the hypersensitive who never fit in. And throughout Mr. Harkness' essay, we can sense the hot smell of grinding axes.

In one passage, he tells us how he bumped into a former baton twirler from his old high school ("I'd had a mild crush on her...") Now, of course, the girl has grown dumpy and middle-aged. He refers to her cruelly as Honeymush Beauregard, mocks her Southern accent and chuckles over her repeated failure to master the Scarsdale diet. Here we are reading the revenge of the nerd, getting even at last with the girl he couldn't date by making her life seem pathetic.

But Mr. Harkness devotes most of his purple prose to a discussion of the race issue. He expresses surprise in seeing blacks walking around town, even on streets that used to be forbidden to them in the 1950s and 60s.

As it happens, Mr. Harkness (who tells us that he graduated from high school in 1965) and I are apparently about the same age. And I doubt that the social-ethnic structure of South Carolina (my state) was remarkably different from Mississippi in those years. Yet, I had lots of contact with blacks who could be seen walking all over the place.

Of course, I remember the dual waterfonts and the separate bathrooms.

But I also remember playing stickball with black boys and football—**tackle** football. We always played tackle in my town except when we were playing with girls. And then we were more interested in the touching than we were in the football.

I suspect most Mississippi boys were the same way, except for those who spent nice days hiding out in libraries, longing for the baton queen. Even now, twenty years later, returning home, the aging dilettante hopes that nobody will recognize him.

Of course, he has to make the trip because he had plans to write this big magazine article that will set everything right, proving once and for all that the misanthropic creature nobody noticed ended up more noble and more virtuous than all those rough-necks and peckerwoods from Greenwood, Mississippi.

This kind of self-righteous assault is a familiar form to Southerners. The recent history of literature and journalism has proven that the shortest cut to fame for a Southern writer is to turn his pen or his tongue against his native region. Willie Morris made a career of it at ***Harper's***. Tom Wicker. Dan Rather. Ralph McGill. Bill Moyers. The list is endless.

The Yankee press has always delighted in trotting out rehabilitated Southerners, born again into the fellowship of enlightenment.

And we continue to hope that someday all this malevolent regional bias will die a natural death. But somehow, it keeps coming back, now (remarkably) on the pages of ***The American Spectator***. Perhaps editor Emmett Tyrrell regarded the Harkness article as in the tradition of H.L. Mencken, whose ghost Mr. Tyrrell celebrates.

But Mencken was never selective in his contempt for ignorance. I suspect he would have been among the first to puncture the hypocrisy of upstate New Yorkers, whether native or expatriated Southerners, who would presume to lecture Mississippi on the race problem.

I also suspect that Mencken would have agreed with Mississippi's William Faulkner when he said it really doesn't matter where you come from as long as you never forget it and you ain't ashamed of it.

OBITER DICTA

HOLMES ALEXANDER, 1906-1985

Holmes Alexander was the first nationally-known journalist to volunteer his services to the *Southern Partisan*. The rest of our illustrious contributors and editors were good enough to respond to persistent entreaties, but Holmes did us the great honor of offering an unsolicited manuscript and then driving out of his way enroute to Florida, just so he could meet some of us here in Columbia. He stayed overnight, introduced us to his lovely wife, told us stories about old times in Washington, and made us believe we were important people—which, in fact, we were, if only because we commanded his attention.

A widower in his late seventies, Holmes had recently remarried. He was enjoying a second youth, and spoke with clarity and precision about the present as well as the past. Before he decided to retire and take life only a little easier, he had been one of the most respected correspondents in Washington, the confidant of Presidents as different as John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon, yet never a true insider, probably because those in power knew that intimacy would never buy his conscience. He was not a courtier, though he had the wit and charm of one. After laughing and joking with monarchs in the Oval Office, he would sit down at his typewriter and dissect their administrations with merciless candor. How they felt about Holmes and his uncommon bluntness one can only guess; but in his recently published autobiography (*Never Lose a War*: Devin-Adair, 1984) he continued the practice, and at the *Partisan* office we were amazed at how genuinely fond he was of many of the men in high places he had demolished in his columns.

Of course, the answer was obvious: Holmes was always a perfect gentleman in his social moments and always a consummate journalist when he exercised his craft. Other members of the press have boasted that they habitually avoid social contact with important politicians because such friendships would inevitably compromise their work as objective journalists. Holmes, a man of sterner character, could have it both ways—and did.

More often than not Holmes dealt with national and international affairs in his syndicated column, and though he was never a party-liner, he might well have maintained a higher degree of credibility among his journalistic colleagues had he simply ignored his Southern background and kept to broader issues. It was bad enough to be known as a "conservative" (though Holmes was his own type of "conservative"); but it was suicidal to let the world know that you were a "Southern conservative" as well.

Yet Holmes Alexander time and again would use his prestige to defend the South when he felt that the region was being unfairly treated. Undoubtedly it lost him some important newspapers along the way, and it may even have cost him national honors; but just as he would not praise famous men who flattered him, so did he also refuse to turn his back on his heritage, however fashionable it was to do so. He was no Ralph McGill, whose opportunistic condemnation of his own people won him a Pulitzer Prize during the same era when Holmes was writing the clearest and most graceful prose in the business. Holmes saw the road that McGill had chosen, yet it never occurred to him to take the same turn.

Anyone who still admires the English language should read *Never Lose a War* as well as his contributions to the *Partisan*. His piece on the "lost counties of Virginia" is the most poignant thing we have ever run, an elegy for the past that evokes a sense of communal loss so vividly that it is almost unbearably sad. Written in 1936, it is even more heart-rending in the 1980s, since it celebrates a land and a people whose memory is fading like an old ghost, little more than a wisp at the end of a long corridor.

And our memory is all the more wraith-like now that Holmes has departed from our diminishing company. We will miss the enthusiasm in his voice as he spoke of a world in which the old truths were still a part of day-to-day life, his eyes so clear and blue you would never think he was old enough to have seen it all himself. And while we can still summon up such a past in our imaginations, it is harder and harder to do so without the presence of eyewitnesses, particularly those with the gift of language. We will miss the sound of his voice on the other end of the telephone line and on the printed page, where he spoke as eloquently and truly as any voice of the recent past.

In his last volume, Holmes warned us about the future, which he saw as ominous, perhaps desperate. But even his dark prophecy was mitigated by his enlightened wit and humor. Now, from his empty desk come only memories and unbearable silence.

ALTERED STATES

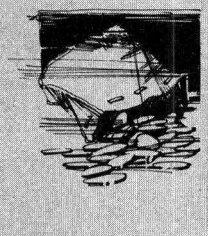
One ant, reading a book, says to the other ant: "What's the 'Mason-Dixon' Line, Dad?"

The other ant replies: "That's the geographic boundary that divides the North from the South."

Then the first ant asks: "What's it doing in Pennsylvania?"

If you read this little snatch of dialogue in the comic strip *B. C.* perhaps you were as bewildered as the rest of us, particularly if you hadn't been reading the newspapers, because if the networks covered the story, we missed it. In Philadelphia a black couple moved into a white neighborhood, and the result was pandemonium for days and days and days. There was vandalism followed by demonstrations followed by riots—a major racial incident, the second or third in Pennsylvania over the past year.

Knowing this, you can read the comic strip with greater understanding. Pennsylvania is not the South, don't you see,



SCALAWAG AWARD

The reports continue to trickle in from the farthest reaches of the region, each new surrender more abject and complete than the last. This time we hear the bad news from Fairfax, Virginia, where high school principal Harry Holsinger has just announced that the school symbol, Johnny Reb, will be dropped from further use in all extra-curricular activities. In addition, Holsinger said, the Confederate battleflag will be banned from future athletic contests and the school drill team, the Confederattes, will henceforth be known simply as "The Drill Team."

According to Holsinger, these actions have been taken because the use of the old symbols has "alienated minorities and hindered their academic achievement." Apparently Holsinger took this action after prodding by Pat Blackwell of a group called Peer Advocates, who told the press, "There are many children, black and white, who do not understand what the rebel symbol is and the pain it represents."

From what we can gather after reading this statement and the news reports, the majority of the students and their parents are not in sympathy with Mr. Holsinger's decision. For example, Rebecca Turner, a 17-year old senior and non-voting student member of the City School Board, said that she objected to the change because, among other reasons, "I don't think changing our symbols will help minorities get better SAT scores...." And another student, who preferred to remain unnamed, said that the morale problems his principal had cited just didn't exist, that there was no significant resentment toward the image of Johnny Reb or the Battleflag.

In fact, minorities make up no more than 5% of the student body, and as Pat Blackwell's statement indicates, many of the blacks did not take offense at their school's symbolism, a fact that obviously displeased her.

So with no one in particular objecting, except for a handful of students and parents who have Pat Blackwell's feeble understanding of history, why would anyone have to take such an action? It's because Principal Holsinger is either confused or intimidated or both. As Pat Blackwell herself said, nobody knows what these symbols mean anymore. At least Mr. Holsinger doesn't. Or maybe Ms. Blackwell is just bigger and louder than he is. In any event, he gets our Winter Scalawag Award, but we might as well give it to hundreds and hundreds of academic bureaucrats like him. For, alas, his kind is legion.

but in this particular case they are behaving like Southerners. Mildly funny, we suppose, to people who live up there in the Land of Self-Satisfaction, like cartoonist Johnny Hart. Not so funny to some of us who live in the real world.

The truth is, we simply can't recall a similar incident in our part of the country. To our knowledge blacks can live just about anywhere they want to in the South without causing a riot—and indeed that has been true for a long, long time—while it has *never* been true in Pennsylvania or Chicago or New York.

GO AWAY, DIXIE LAND...

Last time we reported to you on the anti-Southern bias of Robert Tuttle, the used car salesman President Reagan hired to hire everybody else in the White House (Tuttle, you will recall, is the man who told M. E. Bradford that he had taken the wrong side on "The Civil War").

Now, we have uncovered a new source of Northern bigotry toward the region—the office of Frank Fahrenkopf, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. One of our friends—Keith Haygood of South Carolina—saw our note about Tuttle in the last issue of the *Partisan* and decided to see what he could do about the case of Professor M. E. Bradford of Dallas.

Haygood is a longtime Republican worker and early Reagan supporter, having at one time or another been precinct captain, county chairman, and frequent contributor to Republican causes. Armed with this record he called first the office of Senator Strom Thurmond, then the office of Chairman Fahrenkopf. Thurmond's assistants were both sympathetic and helpful. Without knowing that Thurmond had already written a letter in behalf of Bradford, they expressed concern that Southerners would be discriminated against and promised to look into the situation.

The female assistant in Fahrenkopf's office was another matter. After Haygood had told her who he was and had begun to outline his objections to Tuttle, she suddenly became haughty, then imperious. She would have him know that Fahrenkopf thought Tuttle had acted quite properly. Indeed he was pleased with Tuttle's dismissal of people who "take the South's side in the Civil War."

Haygood pointed out that it seemed inconsistent that they should feel this way about Southerners, while at the same time soliciting their financial help for the upcoming political wars—pointing out he had received that same day a letter from none other than Chairman Fahrenkopf, yet one more plea for funds. But by then the woman had turned quite snippy and brought the conversation to a quick end, refusing to give an inch where the principles of the RNC were concerned.

So what are the rest of us to do? Vote

Republican in 1986? Listen one more time to the Ivy League voices of the Republican National Committee, telling us that if the Democrats keep control of Congress and gain control of the Senate we will all be in serious trouble? Can we really believe that George Bush will be that much better than the Democratic candidate, whether Cuomo or Charles Robb or some other darkhorse?

Ronald Reagan is a man of charm and principle, who has served the nation well as a symbol of our corporate will to become a strong and decent nation again. His essential goodness as a man transcends his inability to liberate the Republican Party from the Eastern bankers and corporate war lords who have operated the controls all along, first openly and now behind closed doors, men who believe, as old Charlie Wilson once ingenuously said, that "what's good for General Motors is good for the country."

There's no room in the minds and hearts of such men for complicated historical issues. The North, they are convinced, represented industrial virtue and the South represented a vicious slave-holding class, and the sooner we get around to transforming the entire nation into one giant conglomerate the better off we'll all be. For then we will have a people who are no longer preoccupied with the history of regional differences or anything as ridiculous as virtue—then they will only worry about what is good for the economic expansion of the country. They want a nation of hogs who can operate IBM computers.

The sad truth is that the Republican Party's romance with the South is illicit, but the region has not yet come to its senses, still believing as do many discarded mistresses, that having given all and gotten nothing, they are still desired and respected. What, then, are our options? We don't know. Only one thing is for certain: whatever the options are, they should be kept open.

VOX POPULI, Y'ALL

We are now convinced that some of you out there have made a difference in White House policy over the past two months. No one has been appointed National Archivist, and M. E. Bradford is still in the running—at least that's the official word from Haley Barbour, Presidential Advisor for Soothing Rhetoric (Southern Division). After *Partisan* readers assaulted the White House staff with letters, wires, and phone calls, Barbour called up one of our editors with a shy smile in his voice and said in effect: "Gee whiz, fellows, you're just hurting your man with all this agitation. Why, if none of this business about Tuttle had come up, Bradford would probably be Archivist by now. So why don't you cool it and let's see what we can do."

Of course, this is silly. What Barbour's logic suggests is that the more people they hear from in the White House the less likely it becomes that the administration would respond to the public outcry. If that were true, Mr. Reagan would not have hired the services of a full-time pollster whose charts and graphs are consulted by White House advisors on the half hour.

A more likely explanation is this: the boys in the White House were all ready to close the door in Bradford's face. Our readers wrote in. White House staffers got nervous and the process that was in motion stopped, at least for a while. By the time you read this, however, smart money is still betting that some safe little Northern boy will be running the National Archives.

GRAPES OF WRATH

No traditional Christian can be entirely pleased with his church—that is, if it is one of the so-called "main line denominations." Orthodox, Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians all tremble when the ecclesiastical hierarchy clears its throat and begins to make its pronouncements to the national press. Hopelessly out of date, these gray-haired men and women have rediscovered the Sixties and are desperately trying to re-live that era of mindless self-righteousness. Small wonder that most people ignore their clergy these days and vote their own conscience.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to announce that one of the church bodies has done the right thing for a change, albeit for all the wrong reasons. The just-published Episcopal Hymnal, full of new "social-gospel" songs, has nonetheless dropped two explicitly anti-Southern hymns which have always galled us just a little: James Russell Lowell's "Once to Every Man and Nation" and Julia Ward Howell's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

In case you don't remember the former, it begins as follows:

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide
'Twix the strife of truth with falsehood
For the good or evil side.

Most Southern congregations who have bellowed out these lines Sunday after Sunday for the past 100 years never realized that the "truth" in Lowell's piece of doggeral was the Union and "falsehood" was the Confederacy. Likewise, when you get to a later line, "the bloom or blight" offers the same regional choice.

Howell's hymn, set to a stirring old tune, is even more perverse. If you know *Revelation* you will recognize all her imagery as coming from that book's prophetic vision of Armageddon. To Howell, the Union was the Army of the Lord; the Confederacy was the Army of Satan. There is no other way to interpret the hymn. It is perhaps the most judgemental rhetoric ever incorporated into mainline Christianity, yet even Ronald Reagan gets misty-eyed when he hears it, totally unaware that by clear implication it consigns an entire section of the country to Hell.

As we say, the exclusion of these hymns was probably done for all the wrong reasons. With their original context lost, they now sound too "chauvinistic," too "pro-American." There was even some sentiment for eliminating "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," because of its association with the United States' Navy, but in that case, cooler heads prevailed.

But for whatever reasons, the offending hymns are gone; and Southerners should be pleased. If this isn't a ray of hope, at least its half a ray.

MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY I

Well, the day has come and gone, and the Republic is still intact—or is it?

First, the federal government's own little band, the Martin Luther King Holiday Commission, went busily around the nation's capital, making certain that everyone in the government participated in the event, not only in body but in spirit. At every federal agency the workers were ordered to assemble and—banked by huge picture posters—fervent speakers lectured to them about King's virtues after which they were given pledge cards and asked to sign, committing themselves to the principles of the deceased civil rights leader. (All of this hoop-de-la, incidentially, was orchestrated by government workers and occurred during official working hours prior to the holiday.)

Also, the Commission sponsored an "Interfaith Service" at Immaculate Conception, the nation's largest Roman Catholic Church, during which King's life and principles were defined and extolled by clergyman after clergyman. Needless to say, no Federal Commission would have done the same thing for Moses or Jesus, nor, we suppose, would they have sponsored a religious exercise for any other mere mortal, given the present predisposition to proclaim the separation between church and state.

But perhaps the best indication of what this holiday is all about occurred in Silver Spring, Maryland. A part-time music teacher at Bel Pre Elementary School, told a black colleague in passing that she was unhappy with the elaborate recognition of Martin Luther King Day at the school; that King, after all, had been closely associated with communists during his career and was therefore somewhat suspect. A couple of sixth-graders overheard these remarks, snitched to the principal, with swift results. The local NAACP demanded that the teacher be "investigated and fired." She was immediately reprimanded, suspended from her duties and may be transferred to another school. More recently, the teacher has been required to take a course on human relations to rehabilitate her attitude.

Note that her heretical remarks were *not* made in class nor even to students. Note as well the lack of national focus on what would ordinarily be regarded as a newsworthy violation of the principle of academic freedom, if not the First Amendment. Thus far we have heard nothing from the National Education Association, which is usually so quick to defind politically articulate teachers, no matter what they say. And nothing from the ACLU, whose staff attorneys are apparently too busy making certain that your child is not reading the Ten Commandments during school hours.

SUCK AN ORANGE

Florida citrus growers have had a hard time of it for the past several years: cold winters and late freezes that have not only killed crops but also decimated many groves. Now, just when they are beginning to make a little money on the current harvest, a swarm of black bugs has invaded the State, presumably traveling from Haiti to suck the sweetness and nourishment from oranges and grapefruit like tiny bats.

One Florida native shrugged his shoulders and took the latest in stride. "As I see it," he said, "They're not doing anything that the other tourists don't do except that they didn't bring any money with them. If they'd brought a buck apiece, the governor would have gone down to the dock to welcome them."

THE PRESIDENTIAL STANDARD

Last year we complained that President Reagan refused to send a wreath to Robert E. Lee's grave, even when the folks down at Confederate Memorial Hall offered to pay for it. "We only put wreaths on the graves of ex-Presidents," a White House spokesman explained soothingly.

Uh huh.

Two weeks before Martin Luther King's birthday the same bothersome Southerners again requested a Presidential wreath for Lee's grave, pointing out that both Benjamin Franklin and King received this annual tribute, and neither had been president. The request was hand-delivered to the White House, lest someone blame the United States mails. A couple of weeks later, a short letter arrived at Confederate Memorial Hall on White House letterhead. Sorry, they said, no wreath. It just wouldn't be a very good precedent.

In the meantime, George Bush took the Presidential wreath to Atlanta and placed it on Martin Luther King's grave.

...AND A P.S. ON MLK DAY I

Broadway performer Jennifer Holliday, scheduled to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" at a Martin Luther King Day celebration in D.C., refused at the last minute and instead belted out "Lift Every Voice And Sing," which according to the *Washington Post* is regarded by many blacks as "The Negro National Anthem."

When asked for an explanation, Holliday said: "I was asked to sing the National Anthem. Well, my National Anthem is 'Lift Every Voice.'"

Now isn't it just wonderful, how this new holiday is bringing us all closer together?

ONE OF OUR OWN

In the aftermath of the space shuttle tragedy, Southerners were particularly grieved over the loss of Ron McNair, a brilliant physicist and a man of extraordinary courage and geniality. Born in a small Southern town, he overcame significant obstacles to win entry to M.I.T., earn a doctorate and join a handful of people chosen for our space program.

McNair's good humor never flagged and it is *not* for that final catastrophe that we will most remember him, but for his optimistic and uncompromised vision of our region's promise to *all* its citizens.

Why We Celebrate The Memory Of Lee

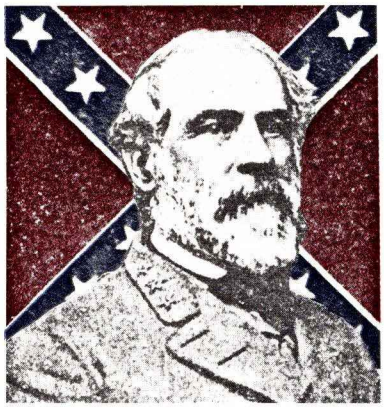
by Harry Poe

For over a hundred years, Southerners have observed January 19 as the birthday of Robert E. Lee. The importance of the observance rests in the tacit affirmation of the values Lee upheld and embodied. In recent years, however, the practice of observing Lee's birthday has been called into question.

The question involves more than politics or legislative action. It penetrates to the very heart of the nature of culture and human values. To a certain degree, action taken by the legislature to abolish Lee's birthday as an official day of remembrance or to enshrine some other figure has little significance. Lee's birthday does not have significance because of legislative action. The people of the South regarded Lee as the embodiment of the best values of a nation. Politicians merely took official note of a fact which embraced the South.

The legislative branch cannot create heroes any more than the Senate of Rome could make Caesar a god. Heroes can only be recognized. One of the essential signs of a culture is the corporate way in which it recognizes heroes. More than this, however, the heroes of a culture take on mythic proportions. They are not simply celebrities who fade with passing interests and events. The mythic dimension of heroes makes them of universal and of lasting importance. They become more than their historical existence. The facts of the historical lives are not changed, but the power of myth lies in its ability to express the meaning of a life. Thus, the life becomes symbolic of a cherished, binding value of the culture.

The facts about Robert E. Lee would remain forgotten bits of inquiry for history and military scholars except for the continuing power of his life as the mythic embodiment of Southern values. His life has meaning for an entire culture, beyond the mere facts of his life. Some scholars argue that myths are created to supply a need for the meaning and order which society craves. The propaganda ministry of the Third Reich set about to create a cultural myth to bind the Germanic people together. A true myth, however, is not created so much as it is recognized. The South did not create a myth of Robert E. Lee so much as it recognized and embraced Lee as its myth of the ideal man.



What a person is determines what he or she will do ... what he or she has does not matter.

Dr. Harry Lee Poe is pastor of the Simpsonville Baptist Church in Simpsonville, Kentucky, where he keeps the memory of the Men in Gray alive.

During his days as President of The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Dr. John R. Sampey of Virginia was known to honor the memory of General Lee. In those Depression days, students at the seminary still stood to recite in Dr. Sampey's Old Testament class. One story lingers still of the time Dr. Sampey called on Mr. Jones of New York to recite.

"Mr. Jones," the old gentleman declared.

"Yes, Dr. Sampey," Mr. Jones replied as he jumped to his feet.

"Mr. Jones, was King David a perfect man?"

"No sir, Dr. Sampey," Mr. Jones replied.

"Mr. Jones, was Moses a perfect man?"

"No sir, Dr. Sampey," Mr. Jones replied.

"Mr. Jones, was the blessed apostle Paul a perfect man?"

"No sir, Dr. Sampey," Mr. Jones replied.

Then Dr. Sampey asked: "Mr. Jones, was our Lord Jesus a perfect man?"

"Yes sir, Dr. Sampey," Mr. Jones replied.

"Very good, Mr. Jones," Dr. Sampey said. But as Mr. Jones began to sit down, Dr. Sampey interrupted him and inquired, "Mr. Jones of New York, was Robert E. Lee a perfect man?"

"No sir, Dr. Sampey," Mr. Jones replied.

"Sit down, you damn Yankee!" Dr. Sampey huffed.

A true and living culture has myths which represent its values and which help bind the culture together. The mythic status of Robert E. Lee in the South serves as a barometer measuring the survival of Southern culture. Undeniably, the South has undergone rapid and dramatic change since World War II. Nonetheless, change in itself need not destroy a culture.

A superficial look would suggest that the South has become as superficial as the rest of the country. Many elected officials and leaders in commerce brag

that the South is just like anywhere else in the country. The assumption behind the brag is that the South was a backward region until the past twenty years brought new prosperity. The argument usually circles around economic considerations. The South was a nationally impoverished region until recent years. Unfortunately, the apologetic politicians and movers of industry have tended to accept the national view that attributes poverty to cultural backwardness.

The South was demonstrably different and poor to boot. The poverty of the South, however, came as the long drawn out legacy of a war that destroyed everything of value, and a bitter ten year military occupation that inhibited reconstruction. Alienated from capital and the means of production, the South slowly pulled herself up from poverty. By attributing the years of poverty to cultural backwardness, one relegates the cultural distinctives of the South to the trash heap as retarding encumbrances that will prevent any future prosperity.

Because of the culture anchored in her values, the South survived the deprivations of nearly a hundred years. Can the South survive prosperity, however, without those same values? Twentieth century America has popularized the idea that cultural norms and values are outdated. In the 1960s and early 1970s the counter-culture flourished in America while the Cultural Revolution rampaged across China. Both movements had the same objective: to eradicate the existing values, customs, and attitudes that held society together and gave it direction. The American form may have been more successful than the Chinese. America is a land that has repudiated tradition and the cultural values taught by a mythic hero.

The great mythic hero represented by Washington, Daniel Boone, or even Abraham Lincoln has faded from the scene. The heroes of modern America are rock stars, movie stars, and sports stars. They are young and beautiful, but they are transitory. They are falling stars that flare for a moment, then burn out. They are created and marketed, but they do not speak to the deepest questions of life. They offer no direction in life or model for life. They only offer diversion. As a result, they are constantly replaced, and in an ironic way their terminal status characterizes the instability of the dying American culture.

The South chose Robert E. Lee as her hero. Southerners did not choose the young Robert E. Lee who was called "the handsomest man in the United States Army." They chose an old man with white hair near death as their hero. They did not choose the successful Lee whom Lincoln wanted to command the Union troops. They chose the defeated Lee whose surrender is considered the end of the Confederacy, though other Southern armies under other generals continued the struggle for several more days. They did not choose the elegant Lee who presided over Arlington House and typified the ante-bellum ideal of gracious living. They chose the impoverished Lee who had no home where he could go when he rode away from the last battle. The South chose Robert E. Lee as her hero because when all the vanity of life was stripped away, it had not altered him in the least.

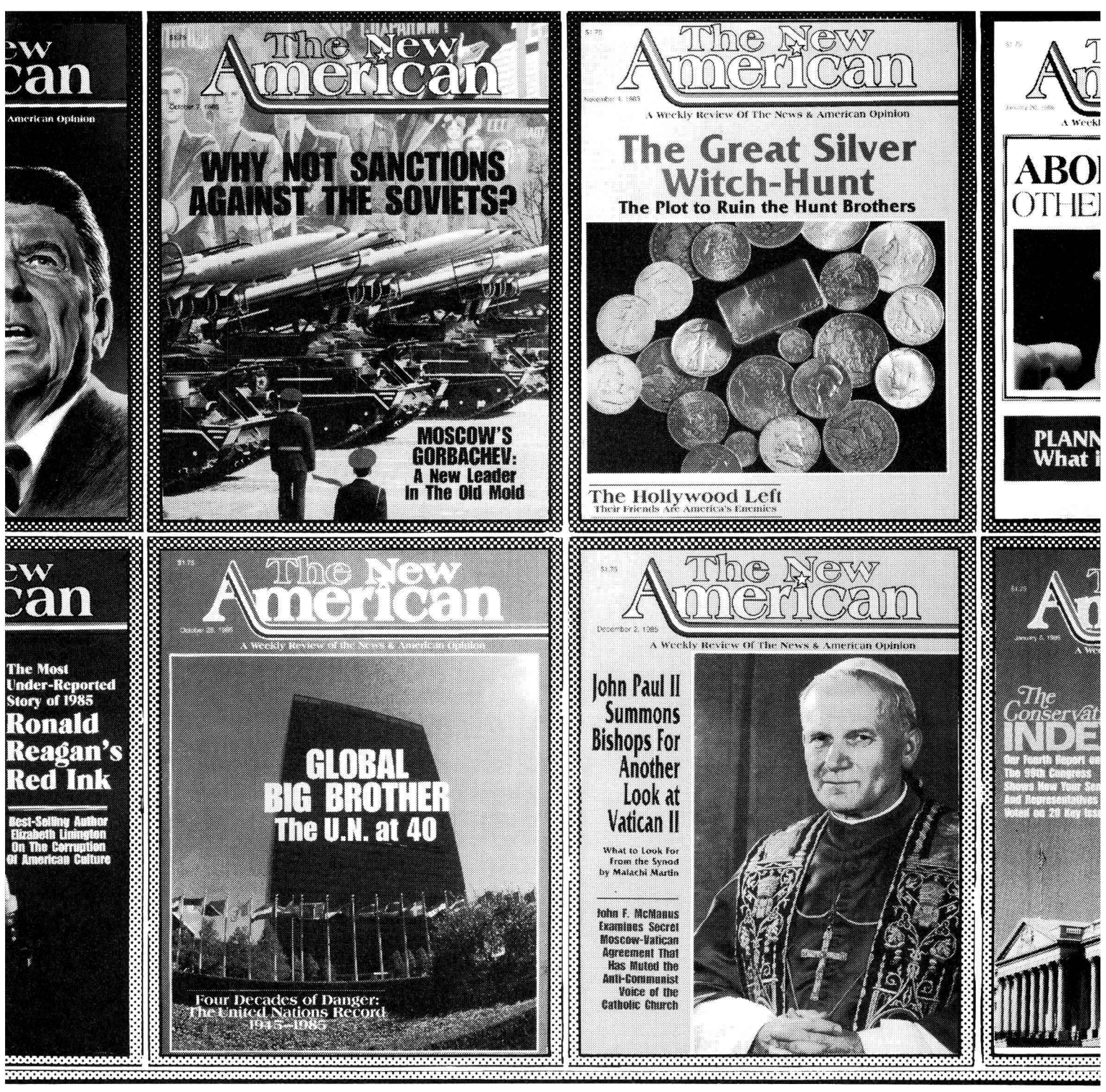
Lee's very life and faith reminded the South that what they believed and how they lived was the ultimate binding force of Southern culture. Property, reputation, possessions, youth, institutions, and life itself may all go without damaging the essence of a person. Lee remained undefeated because what he was as a man could not be altered by war. Embracing this concept of dignity, the South was able to stand unvanquished. The ambiguity of the situation proved maddening for Yankees who huffed, "You would think that they had won the war." But the Yankee could not understand, because the Yankee belonged to another culture. Oddly enough, the military victory of the Union forces created the situation that eventually led to the decay of a vital Northern culture.

Whether the South continues to survive as a living culture remains to be seen. If it does, it will be no thanks to the legislators who espouse a view of cultural imperialism that would enslave the rest of the world to the values of twentieth century America. In its enchantment with consummerism, material progress, and social change modern America has more in common with the values of communist materialism than with those of the founding fathers. Without a strong sense of traditional value, the South will not be able to survive the threat of prosperity any more than the rest of the nation did.

Signs of hope still appear. True myths are not literary creations, but the writers of a living culture cannot avoid or evade the myths of that culture, if only to be understood. In the novels of Walker Percy, for example, Robert E. Lee keeps making an appearance. Percy does not belong to the old school that feels compelled to wax eloquent with a three page eulogy of Lee every time the General's name is mentioned. On the contrary, Percy only drops the name in passing. The power of the myth and the living culture that carries the myth lies in the sufficiency of the mere mention of the name. Percy's novels assume that the name of Lee tells its own story without commentary.

Percy's novels capture the idea that being precedes doing, and that having is perhaps an irrelevant third. What a person **is** determines what he or she will **do**, and what he or she **has** does not matter. In his novel *Lancelot* Percy considers how people could recognize true worth and value in others if they did not rely on the superficial badges of status. He concludes: "The same way General Lee and General Forrest would know each other at a convention of used-car dealers on Bourbon Street: Lee a gentleman in the old sense. Forrest not, but in this generation of vipers they would recognize each other instantly." My grandmother used to say that raising would tell.

remembrance for me, regardless of the official action of the legislatures of the South. Lee's life reminds me to keep the vanity and superficiality of life in perspective. And as long as a people share the common values that led them to recognize Robert E. Lee as a hero, Southern culture shall be vibrant and alive long after American culture has vanished. ☆


The New American
WHY NOT SANCTIONS AGAINST THE SOVIETS?
MOSCOW'S GORBACHEV: A New Leader In The Old Mold
The New American
A Weekly Review Of The News & American Opinion
The Great Silver Witch-Hunt
The Plot to Ruin the Hunt Brothers
The Hollywood Left
Their Friends Are America's Enemies
The New American
The Most Under-Reported Story of 1985
Ronald Reagan's Red Ink
Best-Selling Author Elizabeth Livingston On The Corruption of American Culture
The New American
A Weekly Review of the News & American Opinion
GLOBAL BIG BROTHER
The U.N. at 40
Four Decades of Danger: The United Nations Record 1945–1985
The New American
December 2, 1985
A Weekly Review Of The News & American Opinion
John Paul II Summons Bishops For Another Look at Vatican II
What to Look For From the Synod by Malachi Martin
John F. McManus Examines Secret Moscow-Vatican Agreement That Has Muted the Anti-Communist Voice of the Catholic Church

Window Shopping For Clearer Views?

The New American

The weekly journal of news and commentary on the world, the nation and our cultural heritage.

BELMONT, MA 02178

- ☐ **3 YEARS** (156 ISSUES) $86 — ONLY 55¢ AN ISSUE
- ☐ **2 YEARS** (104 ISSUES) $68 — ONLY 65¢ AN ISSUE
- ☐ **1 YEAR** (52 ISSUES) $39 — ONLY 75¢ AN ISSUE
- ☐ **6 MONTHS** (26 ISSUES) $22 — ONLY 85¢ AN ISSUE

Hawaii: add $18 per year. Foreign: add $24 per year. Airmail rates upon request.

☐ **My payment is enclosed** ☐ **Please bill me**

Mastercard or Visa accepted, call 800-341-1522, Maine 207-236-2896

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

A NEW AND FEARSOME WEAPON

When Sherman marched through the South, randomly burning houses and farms, he did so with a calculated malevolence. He wished to break the spirit of the Southern people, whom he regarded as wicked. Some historians want to minimize the damage that Sherman's armies wreaked, to suggest that the region's corporate memory of his exploits is flawed, that he really wasn't such a bad fellow after all. But the fact remains that he deliberately set about to destroy a way of life, and in doing so introduced the practice of Total War to the world.

One hundred and twenty years later the Yankees are at it again; and while Sherman came with a torch, they come with something considerably more deadly—cold, hard cash. I am speaking specifically of the developers who have moved into the region to exploit our gentle climate, our green land, and our peaceful, courteous communities. Even as I write these words trucks are rumbling past my house, twenty miles in excess of the speed limit, hauling dirt or lumber or steel to a "resort community" that has sprung up in our midst like a patch of ragweed. Every three or four days the landscape is altered irrevocably by the bulldozing of palmetto trees and pines, the grading of new roads, the pouring of oceans of concrete. We have been discovered by the Yankee scouts, a garden ripe for plucking.

So they are building condominiums to be sold through promotional campaigns which promise gifts and a free weekend to anyone who will come and listen to their sales pitch. Many of these condominiums are hawked as "time-sharing units," a phrase that means that you can occupy the place for one week during each year provided you pay the company an average of $8000 for the privilege, plus a perpetual "maintenance fee."

The one condominium they are merchandising this way would probably cost you about $65,000 if you bought it outright, but by selling 50 weeks for an average of $8,000 per week, the company is realizing $400,000 for each condominium. There ought to be a law, but there ain't.

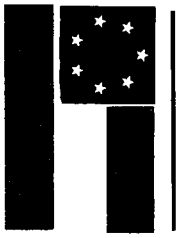
The problem is that while we have enough room around these parts to accomodate such eyesores, no one is certain that we have enough patience or enough water. The people who come barreling down our highways in search of La Dolce Vita are not the sort we grew up with. Too often they are loud, aggressive, and finally contemptuous of everything but the temperature. Nothing we do is satisfactory. We do not provide them with enough souvenir stores, enough cheap restaurants, enough "lounges." We have not arranged the landscape properly, and we have allowed the Atlantic Ocean to become too rowdy. We are backward, slow and lazy. We would not be tolerated "up North." In addition to such insults, these folks use gallons and gallons of water every day. At night, if the wind is not too active, I can lie in bed and hear ten thousand johns being flushed within a few miles of my house, all of them in condominiums occuped by Yankees with enormous bladders.

If you think this is a small matter, consider the fact that counties in Florida ration water in the summer, because there is not enough to take care of the most basic needs. In fact, no one knows exactly just how much water lies below the earth's surface. One day some tourist will flush one motel toilet too many, and the next glass of water out of every faucet in the region will be brine.

But the people who run these resorts don't care what happens ten years from now. By then they will have sold all condominiums on the drawing board, pocketed their profits, and moved on to some new target in some other Southern locale. If we are out of water down here, they won't even know about it, sipping champagne in the casinos of Atlantic City or the ski lodges of Colorado.

These people are no more than stragglers from Sherman's Army, arrived 120 years late, but still in time to rape and pillage. There is one difference, however. In the old days the Yankees had to deal with a hostile Southern population. But in our time they are met by smiles and extended hands. Public officials bow and scrape to them, join their army, conspire with them to circumvent zoning laws and building restriction, (lie to the public in their behalf). Sometimes these local slicksters betray us for an envelope full of used, unmarked bills. But more often they are bought with rhetoric—with the promise of "broadening the tax base," "increasing local employment," and spreading "progress" throughout the region. We've listened to those lies so long now that we even believe them, despite the fact that the advent of such development always means higher taxes, diminished city services, and hoards of rude people.

In twenty years from now the region will be covered with the husks of condominiums inhabited only by impecunious roaches and lizards. And one thing is certain: the spectacle will be far more unsightly than all the brick chimneys that Sherman left behind.



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

People complain about unemployment when there are very good positions available. For example, the city of Birmingham is looking for someone to replace the light bulbs in one of its public landmarks, and no one seems to want the job. Only twenty lights involved, too. The trouble appears to be where they are located: in the torch of an iron statue of Vulcan, some 180 feet above the sidewalk.

It seems the man who has been doing this job for years and years has recently retired, and the younger generation just isn't made of the same stuff. There are those, of course, who argue that the longer Vulcan's torch is doused the better, that the statue is an urban eyesore as well as a monument to the baser inclinations of the New South. But more to the point, pilots are understandably a little nervous, and so are the city fathers, who are willing to go a little more than minimum wage for the right man—or woman.

ARKANSAS

Somewhere between Little Rock and Texarkana a motorist from Ohio saw something crossing Interstate 30. It was about 2 A.M., and he jammed on his brakes just in time to avoid hitting what looked to him like a giant snake. Mr. Oren Johnson, of Cleveland, told the Arkansas Highway Patrol that for a minute it looked as if "some telephone pole had come alive. It was moving and it wasn't no optical illusion. My wife saw it too." Mrs. Johnson told a reporter, however, that she had been sleeping at the time and only awakened as something was disappearing into the woods. "It looked like the rear end of a pig to me," she said, "but Oren knows what he saw."

GEORGIA

While America has always been something of a melting pot, this historic tendency has not been without its difficulties; and, with the influx of hundreds of thousands of Asians over the past twenty years, occasionally the problems they pose to civil authorities seem all but insurmountable.

Take the case of Hen Van Nguyen—tried recently for the brutal stabbing of Debra Lynn Rollins.

Following the stabbing, Mr. Hen was identified as the assailant, arrested and hauled off to jail, read his rights and, shortly thereafter, given his day in court. During the proceedings he sat, glassy-eyed and uncomprehending. It seems that Mr. Hen didn't speak a word of English, so he had no idea what was transpiring.

A day and a half later, someone finally realized that Mr. Hen was *not* the man who had been accused of the murder, but rather someone that had been arrested for theft—hardly a capital offense.

Accounts don't say precisely how the mix-up occurred, but we are certain that some deputy sheriff must have explained the switch to his superiors by saying that "all those orientals look alike."

Eventually, Hen was returned to his cell (to await trial for the offense for which he was arrested) and the accused murderer, one Nguyen Ngoc Thieu, was brought before the bench. But the story doesn't end there. The court discovered yet another discrepancy in procedure.

It seems that when reading Mr. Thieu his rights, the police interpreter, instead of telling him, "You have the right to remain silent," said rather, "You are in the right and you need to talk." Needless to say, Thieu's defense attorney is licking his chops like a fox in a barnyard.

FLORIDA

What next, you ask? Well, in Fort Lauderdale someone has just come up with a topless doughnut shop!

Needless to say, local residents protested when Andy Emery announced the opening of "R-Donuts," where the waitresses are nude from the waist up and where a doughnut is going to cost you $1.00. But these expressions of outrage accomplished very little.

The glassy-eyed officials at City Hall said, "Gee, there's no ordinance forbidding topless doughnut shops, so what can we do but allow it?" Indeed, there is no law against bottomless hamburger shops and nude golf courses; so the Lord only knows what's in store for Ft. Lauderdale in the near future, what with that kind of local government.

What lies at the heart of the problem is the assumption on the part of too many Americans that the community at large has no right to stop an individual or a corporation from making a buck, even if he does so at the expense of public decency.

In this case, words like "rights" and "freedoms" are used to defend practices that have been forbidden by civilized people for thousands of years. Sooner or later pornography will again have to be controlled by those states across the country who still possess a sense of virtue. In the meantime, look for R-Donut Shops to spring up all over the good old U.S. of A.

KENTUCKY

In 1980 the Supreme Court of the United States, in its infinite wisdom, struck down a Kentucky state law which required that the Ten Commandments

(remember them?) be posted in every public school, on the assumption, we suppose, that they constitututed a violation of church-state separation.

Well, the Attorney General of the state ordered the schools to comply, but the ever-vigilant ACLU went snooping around the classrooms and discovered, to their horror, that here and there the Commandments still remained on bulletin boards—an outrage to public decency! Immediately the State Board of Education ordered that the remaining Decalogues come down—and at once.

Unfortunately, for the Board and the ACLU, the folks in Hazard, a small mining community, decided that they simply were not going to comply. As one school board member put it, "It's time for Christian people to stand up for morals in the school system. The Ten Commandments were good enough for Moses, and I believe they need to be taught."

Hazard residents know well that soon, very soon, the ACLU is going to come roaring down on them, waving injunctions, armed to the teeth with attorneys and TV camp followers. But the local folks are mostly supportive of their local school board, which voted 3-2 to keep the Commandments in place. They have established a legal fund and have already raised about $800 so far to finance the fight that surely lies ahead.

LOUISIANA

We had hoped that this state's ordeal would have ended by now. No such luck. There will probably be another trial, with Governor Edwards back on the stand and the same fine points of law examined by both prosecution and defense—and still no guarantee of a final resolution.

In the meantime Edwards is at it again. Now he's proposing that Louisiana solve its growing financial problems by instituting state-controlled gambling, both a lottery and supervised casinos. In making this proposal, Edwards proclaimed that such a measure, if passed by the legislature, would create 100,000 new jobs and hold down property taxes. Indeed as he described it, legalized gambling would usher in an era of unprecedented prosperity, with everybody a winner, and no mention of the possibility of losers.

Immediate opposition came from two sources. Predictably, the Baptists and other evangelical churches stood foursquare against the proposed legislation, citing not only the poor people who would be the prime losers in all this hilarity but also the Tenth Commandment as well. More opposition came from local law enforcement officers who complained that casinos would bring organized gambling into the state, elements which hithertofore had posed no problem on the parish level.

When critics argued that the governor simply wanted some place closer than Las Vegas in which to gamble, Edwards said magnanimously that if the legislation is passed, "I will never make a wager in a casino in the State of Louisiana." Hearing this, one Baptist preacher told his congregation: "We pray for our chief executive in more ways than one." Of course God answers prayers, but don't bet on this one.

MISSISSIPPI

Larry D. Cobb, the farmer from Oxford who wrote an article for the *Partisan* a couple of issues ago, was dipping his toes in the water this January, and surprisingly found it real warm. Cobb has sent out letters to a a number of Mississippi Republicans, asking if they would be willing to support him in an effort to unseat Democrat Jamie Whitten, a 45-year incumbent who is currently chairman of the House Appropriations Committee.

At one time Whitten might have seemed invulnerable—as permanent in Washington as presidential monuments and lobbyists in Gucci shoes; but the farmers in Mississippi's First Congressional District have been suffering these past few years to such a marked degree that many of them now are beginning to connect Whitten with their perennial problems and to see his seniority as something that has been used to their detriment over the past several decades.

If Cobb runs—and he still hasn't made up his mind—he will run a person-to-person campaign with few frills and even fewer large contributions. PACs—which do not donate nearly as much money to candidates as their critics maintain—will probably support Whitten as heavily this time as they have in the past. He has received substantial contributions from such pressure groups as the dairy farmers (whose pastures are a thousand miles from Mississippi) and from the National Education Association.

But despite these handicaps Cobb's supporters are certain that he has a genuine chance. He is a farmer himself, a good-looking, gregarious man who looks much younger than his 46 years.

We will keep you posted.

NORTH CAROLINA

Last September when U.S. Senator John East announced his retirement, he endorsed as his successor former Ambassador David Funderburk, who, among other achievements to recommend him, has appeared in the *Southern Partisan*. While his opponent, long-time Congressman James Broyhill is a popular man, Funderburk's intellectual breadth and his hard stand on such important social issues as "right-to-life" make him the natural choice of conservatives, evangelicals, and the powerful Congressional Club.

While Republicans Funderburk and Broyhill were jockeying for position at the starting gate, a face from the past appeared among Tarheel Democrats, offering himself yet one more time for elective office—Terry Sanford, 68, who was once governor and also ran for president. During his years in office, Sanford was regarded by the national press as a "moderate" whose voice was often raised in support of civil rights causes. But he was also a big supporter of corporate America, urging large Northern corporations to come to North Carolina and turn the state into a parking lot.

Pleasant, likeable, yet a little out of style, Sanford reminds Southerners of their checkered past at a time when they would much prefer the contemplation of a brighter tomorrow. If Sanford wins the Democratic nomination, either Funderburk or Broyhill should have a pleasant and satisfying autumn. And in the

meantime, we won't say who we like best. But just to be helpful, in case you'd like to support Funderburk for Senate, the address is P. O. Box 25234, Raleigh, North Carolina 27611. We have Broyhill's address around here somewhere, but we can't seem to find it.

SOUTH CAROLINA

In Spartanburg, about 250 teenagers got together, built a bonfire, and burned $10,000 worth of rock 'n roll records, tapes, T-shirts, and dirty books. All this was done in the backyard of the Bethel Assembly of God, and the youth pastor there was delighted. Said Ike Schaal: "It was a tremendous sight to see."

One student explained the reason for his action: "I didn't really pay attention to the songs until I went to that crusade and then I realized they were worshipping the devil."

And what do the kids listen to now that they've burned their rock 'n roll? Christian rock, what else? "It's just like rock music," one girl explained, "but it's about God."

Well, maybe so—but the music part still sounds like hell to us.

TENNESSEE

Another example of organized vandalism in the Volunteer State. This time, however, it involves the desecration of a regional monument—Bill Monroe, the "Father of Bluegrass Music" and permanent fixture at the Grand Ol' Opry. Monroe, who is 74 now and still touring the region in a Silver Eagle, says that he is thinking of hiring a bodyguard, since both the vehicle and his house have been the target of destructive thieves.

"I think there is more than one person involved in this, and I hope the law catches them and they end up serving time."

Obviously these incidents form some sort of pattern, because not only was a safe full of valuables stolen from his touring bus, but someone also broke into his Goodlettsville home and destroyed two mandolins, one of which had been his performing instrument during the pioneer days of bluegrass. Then in October his Bluegrass Hall of Fame was robbed and his car was spraypainted with what he characterized as "bad words."

This vandalism may signal a new level of violence in the region, since it involves blasphemy as well as gratuitous destruction. Monroe and his musical instruments are the Tennessee equivalent of Michaelangelo's *Pieta*, which some Italian took a hammer to a few years back.

When you desecrate Bill Monroe, you are striking out at a whole people, a way of life.

TEXAS

Down in the Lone Star State the misinformed are still arguing about that old subject, the Flag. A dispute has arisen out of a junior varsity football player's refusal to play under the flag (the CSA Battle Flag).

So, the Grand Prairie NAACP has announced that it will do everything in its power to have the flag removed. In the words of Lee Alcorn, local president of the organization, they will "pursue this until it [the flag] is gone."

One black resident of the district surprised the NAACP. Geraldine McGruder who has two children attending South Grand Prairie, told the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* that to her the flag was never a racist symbol. To her, it represented "North vs. South. Nothing more. Nothing less."

And speaking of North and South, the two alien cultures have merged in neighboring Dallas and a terrible beauty has been born.

According to the latest reports, Dallas has a pituitary problem and is growing so fast that even its greatest boosters are getting a little nervous. According to recent reports, 800 people a day move into the city. That's 5,600 per week, or close to 300,000 a year. As a consequence, the downtown area changes by the minute, and if you don't look at the skyline every day, you won't recognize the city and will conclude that you have amnesia.

Yet nowhere is there more success and more celebration. Yuppies crowd the bars and nightclubs, some of which—like "Stark"—are so exotic that people fly from far cities just to sample the nightlife there.

Yet Dallas is old-fashioned in some ways. It still believes in self-reliance, independence, imagination, and courage. It has little use for intellectual pretense (or for that matter anything else intellectual), and it may be the only city in the United States that has never heard of New York—or at least pretends that it hasn't. It is at one and the same time the best and the worst that modern America has to offer; and if you want to know whether the country is going to make it or fall to pieces, then keep your eye on Dallas, Texas.

Given the current rate of growth, we may know by next week.

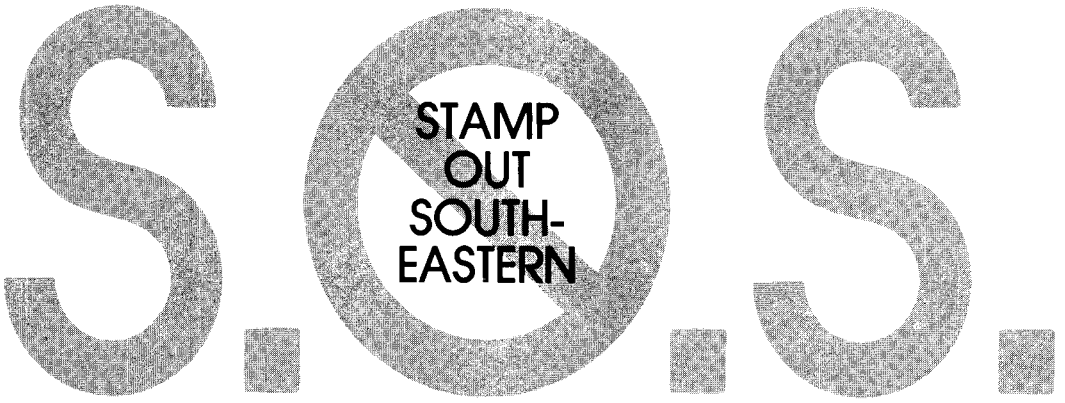
VIRGINIA

One of Virginia's best-known clergymen, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, has renamed his organization The Liberty Federation in order to counteract the connotations that "Moral Majority" now has as the result, he says, of too much negative commentary by the press. He reasons that with a new rhetorical beginning he can receive a fair hearing from Americans who would otherwise reject his message without ever listening to it. And in a sense his point is well-taken.

More than most public figures, Falwell understands that American political life is, for the most part, governed by rhetoric rather than by reason. For example, at the moment the words "equality" and "rights" make big magic. If a politician can claim them as his own then he is well on his way to achieving significant status.

So a new name should help, shouldn't it? Yet it is surprising how many politicians and newspaper columnists say that it will not, that Falwell in sheep's clothing is still a dangerous, marauding wolf. Yet we're willing to bet that this rhetorical transformation will meet with some success. Liberty Federation strikes the subconscious with greater sweetness and clarity. It sounds more conventional, less holier-than-thou. And advertisers know that more than half the battle is fought at the subliminal level.

The Yankees have been trying for a long time to reconstruct Southern culture. Now, J. R. Vanover tells us that the War has spread onto the battlefield of popular language. Before it's too late, then, let's work together to...



by J. R. Vanover

In a *Charlotte Observer* article last year, Lew Powell remarked on the growing use of the words Southeast and Southeastern, as in "NCNB is the largest bank in the Southeast." He observed that, once upon a time, not long ago, *South* would have done instead. Powell argued, half-seriously, that this is a disturbing trend, but the *Observer* ran his article in the "Living" section, next to a column headlined "Some Folks Actually Like Brussels Sprouts." Is preferring Southern to Southeastern as trivial as that? Is it like preferring broccoli?

Let's consider what "Southeast" *means*. To the extent that it is a synonym for *eastern South*, its use is benign. In some cases, I suspect, that is exactly what it does mean, and it reflects just simple boosterism. When t' University of North Carolina claims to be the best in th Southeast in something-or-other, it doesn't take much intelligence to decode the message that the University of Texas is better. And "the largest bank in the Southeast" sounds much more impressive than "the fifth biggest bank in the South," or whatever it is that NCNB becomes when it goes up against the land of the Hunts and Ewings. (Shoot, don't expect us country boys to play in *that* league).

That's probably harmless enough—fish and ponds and all that. And if the use of "Southeast" implies recognition of the South's diversity, it is downright welcome, and overdue. Exactly fifty years ago this year, Howard W. Odum, in his book *Southern Regions of the United States* (note the plural: Southern *regions*), argued that the Southeast and Southwest were so different economically and geographically that they ought to be treated as distinct regions, for the planning and administrative purposes that he had in mind. I think Odum overstated for reasons I'll get to in a minute, but certainly there are important differences. Like Kipling's marine, the Texan is "a kind of giddy harumfrodite"—Southern and Western too.

Consequently, the Southwest has long had a sense of its distinctiveness within the South, so much so that the South risks losing the Trans-Mississippi in this century, just as it did at Vicksburg. A few years ago, my close friend John Shelton Reed reported sadly (in his book *One South*) that far-western Southerners seldom use the word "Southern" in the names of their business enterprises. They are more likely to use "Western," and far more likely to use "Southwestern." As for "Dixie"—forget it: that word now has no more currency in the far-western South than it does in Iowa.

Frankly, I think we in the eastern South have asked for that. Both in Southern history and in Southern historiography, Virginians and Carolinians often gave the Southwest the same treatment Jimmy Carter gave his embarrassing relatives: the relationship wasn't denied, but neither was it emphasized. Sometime after World War II, when the Southwest's petrochemical wealth and relative lack of embarrassing racial problems put the subregional bottom rail on top, it's not surprising that such Texans as Lyndon Johnson and Dan Rather chose to deny their Southernness. Others, more endearing, just drifted off into solipsistic communion with the armadillo, Lone Star beer, and the music of Bob Wills.

If the growing use of the word "Southeastern" reflected only a belated recognition by Cis-Mississippians that they are not the only Southerners, it would be a healthy development. As I said, we ought to recognize the South's diversity, and we ought to cherish it: after all, we tried to set up a confederacy, not a union.

But I'm afraid that, increasingly, Southeast is not being used to designate a part of the South, the eastern counterpart of the Southwest. Rather it refers to a major region of the United States—a counterpart to, say, the Northeast. There is a disturbing tendency in these parts to say and to write and even, God help us, to think *Southeastern*, where formerly we would have said and written and thought *Southern*.

This meaning was made perfectly clear by a poster I

saw the other day. It announced the "Southeastern United States Premier" of some movie or other. That is, it did until I corrected it with a felt-tip marker. I thought the spelling of "premiere" was a nice down-home touch, but I changed "Southeastern United States" to *Southern*. I don't think that poster meant only that this movie has already been shown in Dallas, or Shreveport, or Little Rock.

Lew Powell suggested that this alarming trend has come about because large numbers of people who now live in what used to be known as the South don't know where or what or why the South is. Powell suggested that the South is going out of cognitive fashion, that "Southeast" is being popularized by Yankee migrants with no feeling for (or, worse, no sympathy with) Southern distinctiveness and pride. He quoted Al Stuart, a Charlotte geographer: "When I mention the South to these people, they get a funny little expression on their face. They don't know what I'm talking about. I immediately have to qualify it as the Southeastern United States'...It's as if the South is a club and they don't belong to it."

Now, many of these are good and worthy folks, with a laudable commitment to low taxes and other good things. Most will make good neighbors, and they are certainly good for Southern Republicanism. Don't get me wrong: some of my best friends are Yankees. But it's a fact that "the South" means nothing at all to many of the newly arrived. For them, the South is just a place where they happen to live, pleasant enough perhaps, but not an object of affection or loyalty. "Southeast" is more accurate—why not say it?

For others (and I'm going beyond Powell here) "the South" evokes images they want nothing to do with. ("Dixie," of course, is even worse.) These are the people who tell their Yankee relatives that they've moved to "the Southeast"—something less alien, less alarming, less distasteful than "the South."

And precious few of these migrants see their past, present, or future tied up with that of Texans or Arkansans. Yankee migrants to Texas and Arkansas no doubt feel the same lack of kinship with Carolinians. I mentioned earlier that eastern and western Southerners have had many things in common. Whatever their differences, South Carolinians have allowed of Texans that at least they were not Yankees. The point is that there are now many South Carolina residents who do not see that as a point in favor of Texans. These new Southeasterners do not in fact have much in common with Southwesterners—not history, not manners, not accents, not religion, no aspect of the Southern cultural heritage that has heretofore offset the centrifugal forces of geography and economics. (Only in barbecue do cultural distinctions between the eastern and western South become insurmountable, but in that respect so are differences even between eastern and western North Carolina.)

These are the things that the hundreds of maps in Odum's *Southern Regions* ignored. Odum's maps, in other words, ignored *the South*, which has always been more a cultural entity than an economic or physiographic one. (The Confederacy, Karl Marx said, was not a nation at all, just a "battle cry.") We can speak, properly, of economic development in the eastern South, but Lew Powell observed that we don't speak of such things as Southeastern fried chicken, Southeastern hospitality, the Southeastern accent, or Southeastern religion. Country songs aren't written about Southeastern nights, or Southeastern women. And a magazine called the *Southeastern Partisan* would have a very small audience.

Creeping Southeasternization simply ignores the cultural and historical aspects of the South. It ignores the things that make eastern and western Southerners feel more at home in each other's states than in Michigan, New York, or California. The Southeast is nothing more than lines on a map, a mere quadrant, as synthetic as anything ever devised by French Revolutionaries or African colonialists.

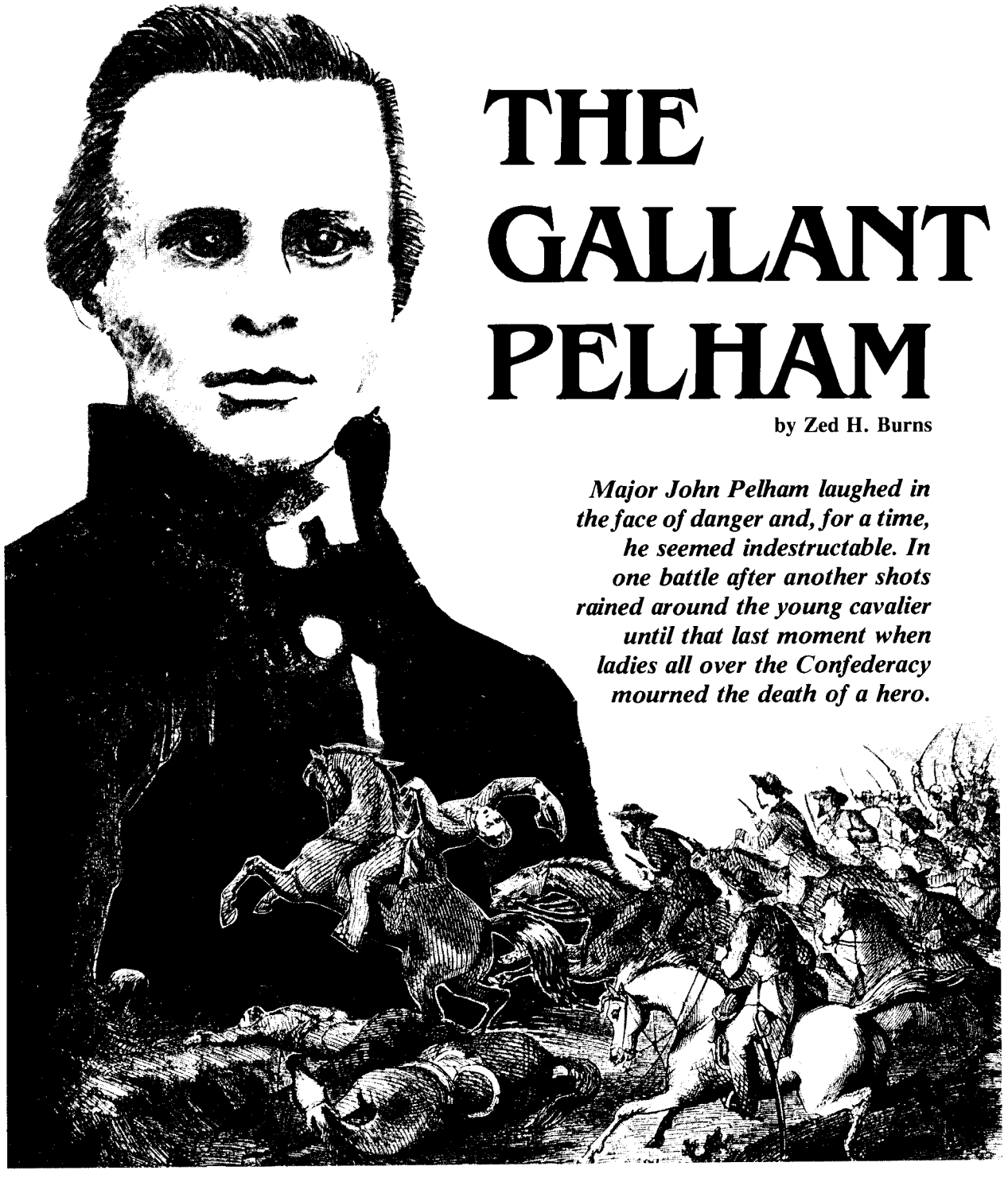
What can be done about this thoughtless vivsection? Well, as a rule, I don't have much patience with people who want others to jump through linguistic hoops for the sake of their principles, as some of the more frivolous feminists do today, or with the sort of verbal hocus-pocus that turned Negroes into blacks twenty years ago. But, by God, there's something to be said for trying to make the word "Southeast" unacceptable in polite company. Defacing posters is a start. ("Southwest" is probably too well established to mess with now: maybe later).

Because "Southeast" is ambiguous, it's not out of line to ask someone who says it what he means. If he means *the South*, let him say so; if he means the eastern South—well, the extra syllable is a small price to pay for clarity and the preservation of our cultural heritage. We may have to live with the adjectival form "Southeastern"—"east-Southern" sounds a little Germanic for American tongues—but we can certainly ask whether *Southern* is what is meant, and use it if it is.

As for "Southeasterner"—I'd like to keep that word around. We've always needed a term for residents of the eastern South who do not wish to be thought of as Southerners, and this will do nicely. It should always be printed with quotation marks, and pronounced with a sneer. For the rest of us, in nearly all circumstances, *Southerner* will continue to do service, and it should be insisted upon.

Make no mistake: the Southeast is a threat to the South. Lew Powell was only half-kidding when he wrote about "The Invasion of the Identity Snatchers." The Southeast is a sort of soul-less *Doppelganger* for a great, living, historic region. We must drive a stake through its heart, before it is too late. ☆

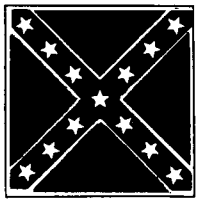
J. R. Vanover returns after a long fishing trip. We hope to restore his regular column, *Whistling Dixie*, in the near future, provided he doesn't wander off again.



THE GALLANT PELHAM

by Zed H. Burns

Major John Pelham laughed in the face of danger and, for a time, he seemed indestructable. In one battle after another shots rained around the young cavalier until that last moment when ladies all over the Confederacy mourned the death of a hero.



Unlike some of those from the border states, he had no problem taking sides. He was from the deep South, with a Southerner's attachment to friends, family, home and fireside. If he must fight, it would be for the South.

Physically, he was a fine specimen of young manhood, tall, blond, fine-featured, graceful on the dance floor or off, and possessed of great strength and endurance. However, his personal qualities and character were what most impressed his associates, from privates to generals. The younger ones seemed to look upon him as the epitome of bravery and courage. Perhaps the older ones saw in him the reflection of what their better selves might have been.

John Pelham was born September 7, 1838, in Benton County, Alabama, the son of a physician. The rugged pioneer nature of his boyhood environment is indicated by the fact that white settlers had lived in that portion of the state for only about twenty years.

Like most of the youths in his community, John and his two brothers had a schoolmaster. This schooling, plus the working of basic algebra problems connected with the cotton business, was the extent of Pelham's preparation for West Point, which may explain the little distinction Pelham gained in his academic studies at West Point. He was always more interested in action, such as artillery drill and horseback riding; and he was known not for his scholarship but for qualities of character that set him apart—courage, forthrightness, honesty, and manliness. These things were true of the cadets as a whole, but they were personified in Pelham.

Prior to the War, the course of study at West Point was a five-year curriculum. Pelham remained there almost that long, lacking only a few days. Then, in the wake of secession, Pelham—like other cadets from the South—had to make a fateful decision. He had a keen, almost desperate, desire to graduate, after almost five years of work and struggle toward that goal. He also had an active conscience and a high sense of honor and duty. As the spring of his final year advanced, he wrote letters for advice to his own father, to the governor of Alabama, and finally to Jefferson Davis. Unlike some of those from the border states, he had no problem taking sides. He was from the deep South, with a Southerner's attachment to friends, family, home and fireside. If he must fight, it would be for the South.

With these considerations in mind, on April 22 Pelham and a friend resigned and left the Academy. By the time their resignations reached the superintendent's office, they were gone. This was ten days after the firing on Fort Sumter.

In due time Pelham arrived in Alexandria to spend a few days with the family from whom he had been so long separated. On May 10 he traveled to Montgomery where he was commissioned a first lieutenant in the artillery.

Within a month's time Pelham found himself under the direction of General Joseph E. Johnston, who at once gave him the task of converting the Henry A. Wise battery of Martinsburg, Virginia, into a trained and fighting unit. He was assigned by order as first lieutenant and drillmaster. The captain, Ephrain C. Alburtis, whose name the unit was to bear in perpetuity and who was a leading citizen of Martinsburg, was inclined to bristle at having a beardless lad of twenty-two assigned to take over. However, Pelham's deference and his tactful statement, "I've been assigned to help you if you'll let me," placated Alburtis, who allowed the West Pointer to take charge entirely. Apparently Pelham said little to the men of his first command, but he showed them with his own hands and strength what was to be done and how to do it. Later, in battle, he never drove them, he always led. Under his command, Pelham found he had sixty-two men, forty-three horses, four six-pounder guns, four limbers, four crudely made caissons, and a home-made forge wagon. Where he got the powder, cannister, spherical case, and solid shot, no one ever knew. Perhaps his lengthy West Point training inclined him to know where to look and how to obtain what he needed.

The Army of the Shenandoah, to which Pelham's battery belonged, was moved out from Winchester July 4 to join the troops of Thomas J. Jackson, now a brand new brigadier at Darkesville. The battery hoped for an engagement with the troops under Federal General Robert Patterson, but Patterson declined the invitation.

On the afternoon of July 18, Pelham's battery, along with Grove's Culpepper battery and the Rockbridge battery, found themselves headed for Manassas Junction. They arrived at that point Saturday afternoon with scarcely any rest since leaving Winchester. Early Sunday morning Pelham heard the faint but unmistakable sounds of musketry far to the north and later the boom of field guns. These were the opening guns of the first great battle of the War Between the States in the east, the battle of First Manassas. More accurately, what Pelham heard was the clash between Colonel Nathan G. Evans' pickets and scouts belonging to Brigadier General Daniel Tyler, who was sixty-two years old, somewhat of an authority on ordnance of his day, but without combat experience.

The battle of First Manassas has often been described

as a battle of errors. Not much of it went as planned, partly because of green troops and green commanders on both sides. It was also revealed the lack of adequate communication between commanders through their staffs to the field commanders who attempted to carry out the orders they received.

Evans, at the stone bridge, marked the extreme left of the Confederate line. The Federals, under Tyler who attacked him, an experienced combat officer, correctly concluded the action was a feint to mask the real attack. This was being made down the Sudley Springs road by General Samuel F. Heintzelman and General David Hunter, who had under their command the artillery batteries of Ricketts and Griffin, veteran artillerists, and some 13,000 Federal troops. Leaving a handful of men to hold Tyler, Evans moved north along Bull Run to confront this Federal division with his small force of less than a thousand men.

In the meantime, Brigadier Generals Bernard E. Bee and Thomas J. Jackson and Colonel Francis S. Bartow had been sent to the aid of Evans, who was being forced back by Federal superior numbers. By this time, Evans was to be found not at the stone bridge, as they had expected, but on the slope of Matthews Hill, where he was hard pressed. Bee and Bartow's men almost at once became a part of the melee which was the battle. Jackson formed his line just beyond the crest of the hill, where he could greet the Federals as they topped the hill and were outlined against the sky. Bee, seeing Jackson's firm readiness and staunch line, called out, "There stands Jackson like a stonewall; rally on the Virginians." It was an historic moment.

While these events were in progress, the Alburtis battery, along with others under the command of the Reverend, now Colonel, William N. Pendelton, were halted some two or three miles from the scene of battle. After an agonizing wait, Generals Johnston and Beauregard galloped up. Johnston shouted to Pendelton, "Your batteries are needed at the front; follow me." Pendelton needed no urging. The column of artillery leaped into motion in seconds. Within the time necessary to travel the distance at a gallop, the artillery arrived on the battlefield.

From the crest of the hill, Pelham looked down upon the Henry House just as Jackson's men became engaged. Jackson's voice of command to Pendelton rang out sharp and clear, "Unlimber here." The Rockbridge and Alburtis batteries went into line alongside those of Captain John D. Imboden's Staunton artillery, which was nearly out of ammunition. At once the guns began to speak, and now the training of Pelham's gun crews paid off. He was everywhere, watching the shots hit and changing the range. This was the first time he had ever fired against a human target.

Although Pelham's biographers tend to make much of Pelham's part in the battle of First Manassas, there is no mention of him in the reports of this battle in the *Official Records*. This is not surprising, as he was an unknown person, little more than a boy at the time.

"...war is not glorious as novelists would have us believe. It is only when we are in the heat and flush of battle that it is fascinating and interesting. It is only then that we enjoy it. When we forget ourselves and revel in the destruction we are dealing around us. I am now ashamed of the feelings I had in those hours of danger."

It is of some importance to know what Pelham thought of the great battle and his own part in it. His view is indicated in a letter written to his father a few days after the battle.

> *Manassas Junction, July 25, '61...*
> *I have seen what Romancers call* glorious war. *I have seen it in all its phases. I have heard the booming of cannon, and the more deadly rattle of musketry at a distance—I have heard it all nearby and have been under its destructive showers, I have seen men and horses fall thick and fast around me, I have seen our own men bloody and frightened flying before the enemy—I have seen them bravely charge the enemy's lines and heard the shout of triumph as they carried the position, I have heard the agonizing shrieks of the wounded and dying—I have passed over the battle field and seen the mangled forms of men and horses in frightful abundance—Men without heads, without arms, and others without legs. All this I have witnessed and more, till my heart sickens; and war is* not *glorious as novelists would have us believe. It is only when we are in the heat and flush of battle that it is fascinating and interesting. It is only then that we enjoy it. When we forget ourselves and revel in the destruction we are dealing around us. I am now ashamed of the feelings I had in those hours of danger. The whistling of bullets and shells was music to me, I gloried in it—it delighted and fascinated me—I feared not death in any form; but when the battle was won and I visited the field a change came over me, I see the horrors of war, but it is necessary: we are battling for our rights and our homes. Ours is a just war, a holy cause. The invader must meet the fate he deserves and we must meet him as becomes us, as becomes men.*

Following the battle of First Manassas, the Confederate artillery received considerable praise for its gallant performance. Some of those in high places, such as Sec-

retary of War Judah P. Benjamin and others, wanted to raise and equip large additions to this arm of the service. This was opposed by General Johnston and President Davis as being totally impractical with the resources available to the Confederacy.

However, at about this time, at the request of General Stuart, the Stuart Horse Artillery came into existence. After First Manassas, Pelham had been promoted to captain for gallant conduct under fire, for men of his age were rarely advanced to the highest company grade without good reason. It is a known fact that Belle Boyd, the beautiful Confederate spy, had reported to Stuart on several occasions. Belle also seems to have had an interest in Pelham to the extent of giving him a Bible inscribed in such a manner as to indicate her affection for him. There is no proof that she spoke to Stuart on Pelham's behalf, but now suprisingly, Pelham *was* given command of the new Stuart Horse Artillery.

The young Captain Pelham soon became a member of Stuart's immediate group of associates. He was not a member of the staff because he was a line officer, but he spent much time in and at Stuart's headquarters. Pelham's association with Stuart was a fateful and fortuitous one. In time the flamboyant General in his beautiful but gaudy uniform and plumed hat, with Sweeny his banjo player, came to love Pelham as if he were his own son.

Between First Manassas and the battle known as Williamsburg, not much happened to change John Pelham. He made numerous friends around Stuart's headquarters, and he also became better known throughout the entire command.

Of Pelham's part in this battle, it was reported that

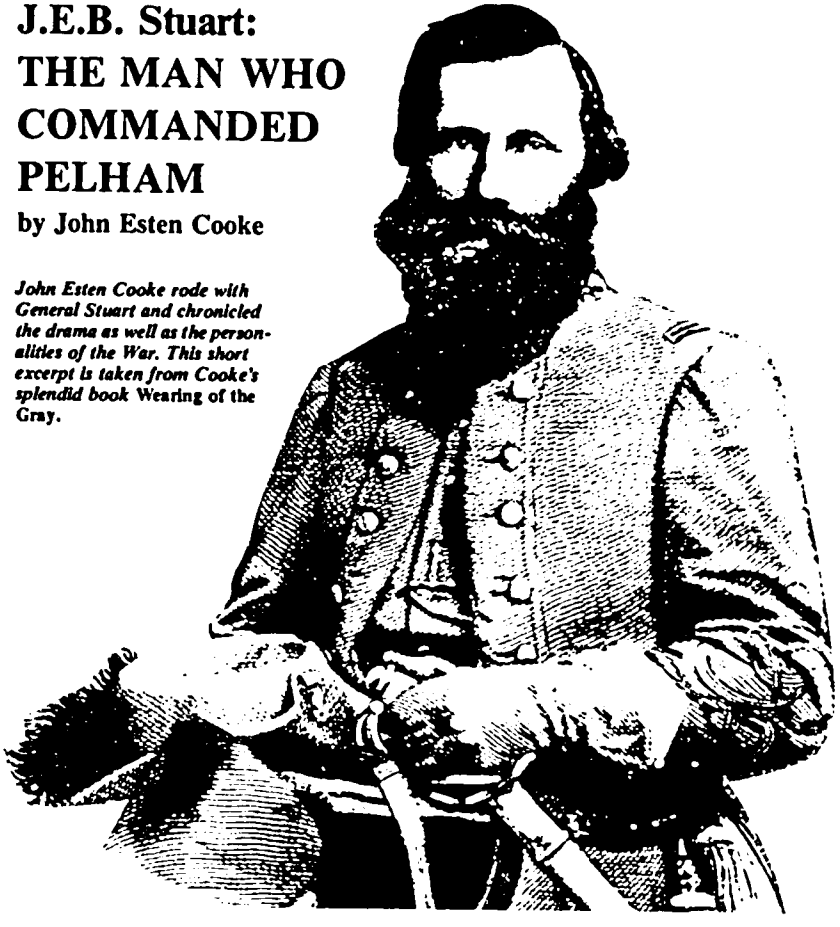
> *on the right, in an open field, a young captain of 23, with gunners who had been drilling only three weeks, had commanded a battery of mountain artillery with a gallant daring that made men ask his name. It was John Pelham.*

True to his West Point background, whenever there was no fighting in progress, Pelham used the time to perfect the training of his command, especially the gun crews. Before long the members of the Stuart Horse Artillery could wheel into position, unlimber the guns, sight them in on a target, load and be ready to fire, in near record time. The guns that made up Pelham's batteries were basically of two kinds. The Whitworth and Blakely of English manufacture were rifled and had an approximate range of about three-and-a-half miles. The Parrott and Napoleon were somewhat lighter than the

J.E.B. Stuart: THE MAN WHO COMMANDED PELHAM

by John Esten Cooke

***John Esten Cooke rode with General Stuart and chronicled the drama as well as the personalities of the War. This short excerpt is taken from Cooke's splendid book* Wearing of the Gray.**



His personal appearance coincided with his character. Everything about the man was youthful, picturesque, and brilliant. Lee, Jackson, and other eminent soldiers of the South, seemed desirous of avoiding, in their dress and accoutrements every species of display, and to aim at making themselves resemble as closely as possible their brave soldiers, whose uniforms were sadly deficient in military gewgaws. Stuart's taste was exactly the opposite. He was as fond of colours as a boy or a girl. His fighting jacket shone with dazzling buttons and was covered with gold braid; his hat was looped up with a golden star, and decorated with a black ostrich plume; his fine buff gauntlets reached to the elbow; around his waist was tied a splendid yellow silk sash, and his spurs were of pure gold. The stern Ironsides of Cromwell would have sneered at this "frivolous boy" as they sneered at Prince Rupert, with his scarlet cloak, his waving plume, his white dog, and his twenty-three years—all the more as Stuart had a white dog for a pet, wore a cape lined with scarlet, had a plume

English guns and were smooth bore, with about a two-mile effective range. The Napoleon was Pelham's favorite and when loaded with grape shot or canister and fired at close range, as it often was, it functioned much like a gigantic shotgun. It often wrought havoc and destruction among those who made up a blue-coated charge.

Unlike their present day counterparts, the 1860's field guns had no recoil mechanism. The trail or rear portion of the gun carriage might be lightly dug into the ground; if so, when the gun was fired it bounced high in the air. More often it was allowed to roll backward to absorb the shock of recoil. Either of these made it necessary to "re-lay" or resight the gun after every shot. This involved two items: the proper pointing of the gun toward its target and the elevation of the barrel or tube to send the projectile the desired distance. At every shot the black powder of that day sent up a cloud of white smoke, quickly revealing the gun position to the opposition and making it highly desirable to change gun locations frequently.

Williamsburg was fought in May, and it was more than a month later before Pelham again saw action. On the afternoon of June 27, Stuart received information of the approach of Federal artillery at Gaines Mill. Stuart, in the *Official Records*, gave the following account of Pelham's part in the encounter:

> *The only artillery under my command being Pelham's Stuart Horse Artillery, the 12-pounder Blakely and Napoleon were ordered forward to meet this bold effort to damage our left flank. The Blakely was disabled at the first fire, the enemy opening simultaneously eight pieces, proving afterward to be Weed's and Tidball's batteries. Then ensued one of the most gallant and heroic feats of the War. The Napoleon gun, solitary and alone, received the fire of these batteries, concealed in the pines on a ridge commanding its ground, yet not a man quailed, and the noble captain directing the fire himself with a coolness and intrepidity only equalled by his previous brilliant career. The enemy's fire sensibly slackened under the determined fire of this Napoleon, which clung to its ground with unflinching tenacity.*

It is of interest to note that this account of Pelham's brave conduct under fire was written by his own commanding officer, Major General Stuart. Few company grade officers have ever received such an accolade from a general

in his hat, and—to complete the comparison—is said to have belonged to that royal family of Stuarts from which Rupert sprang. Many excellent people did not hesitate to take the Ironside view. They regarded and spoke of Stuart as a trifling military foe—a man who had in some manner obtained a great command for which he was wholly unfit. They sneered at his splendid costume, his careless laughter, his "love of ladies," at his banjo-player, his flower-wreathed horses, and his gay verses. The enemy were wiser. Buford, Bayard, Pleasanton, Stoneman, and their associates, did not commit that blunder. They had felt the heavy arm too often; and knew too well the weight of that flower-encircled weapon.

There were three other men who could never be persuaded that Stuart was no cavalry officer, and who persisted in regarding this boyish cavalier as their right-hand man—the "eye and ear" of their armies. These men were Lee, Johnston, and Jackson....

He was the cavalier *par excellence*; and everything which he did, or said, was "in character." We know a clergyman sometimes by his moderation, mild address, black coat, and white cravat; a merchant by his quick movements and "business-like" manner; a senator by his gravity; and a poet by his dreamy eye. You saw in the same manner, at a single glance, that Stuart was a cavalry-man—in his dress, voice, walk, manner, everything. All about him was military; and fine as his costume undoubtedly was, it "looked like work." There was no little fondness, as I have said, for bright colours and holiday display in his appearance; and he loved the parade, the floating banner, the ring of the bugle, "ladies' eyes"—all the glory, splendour, and brilliant colouring of life; but the soldier of hard fibre and hard work was under the gallant. Some day a generation will come who will like to know all about the famous "Jeb Stuart"—let me therefore limn him as he appeared in the years *1862* and *1863*.

His frame was low and athletic—close knit and of very great strength and endurance, as you could see at a glance. His countenance was striking and attracted attention—the forehead broad, lofty, and indicating imagination; the nose prominent, and inclining to "Roman," with large and mobile nostrils; the lips covered with a heavy brown moustache, curled upward at the ends; the chin by a huge beard of the same colour, which descended upon the wearer's breast. Such was the rather brigandish appearance of Stuart—but I have omitted to notice the eyes. They were clear, penetrating, and of a brilliant blue. They could be soft or fiery—would fill with laughter or dart flame. Anything more menacing than that flame, when Stuart was hard pressed, it would be difficult to conceive; but the prevailing expression was gay and laughing. He wore a brown felt hat looped up with a star, and ornamented with an ebon feather; a double-breasted jacket always open and buttoned back; gray waistcoat and pantaloons; and boots to the knee, decorated with small spurs, which he wore even in dancing. To proceed with my catalogue of the soldier's accoutrements: on marches he threw over his shoulders his gray cavalry cape, and on the pommel of his saddle was strapped an oil-cloth overall, used as a protection in rain, which, in-

officer in an official report. Stuart went on to recommend that Pelham be promoted. Of this recommendation, Freeman says:

> *Pelham it was who cleared the way for Stuart's advance to the White House, Pelham who chased the* Marblehead *down the Pamunkey, Pelham who challenged the Federals across the Chickahominy, and Pelham who, at Stuart's order, opened from Evelington Heights. In Stuart's report, the Alabamian, as handsome in his clear blond youth as he was modest and valiant, won perhaps the highest commendation accorded any officer.*

Because of serious wounds suffered by General Joseph E. Johnston, General Robert E. Lee was given the command of the Confederate Army. On June 10 Lee, now commanding the Confederates, called Stuart to army headquarters where he was told that information was needed by Lee on the size and position of the Federal army confronting Richmond. Stuart was elated and carefully selected a detail of some 1,200 men and horses to make up the intelligence-seeking expedition. Pelham had as his second in command of the Stuart Horse Artillery, Lieutenant James Breathed, a young physician whom Stuart had met on the train and had persuaded to join his command. Pelham knew that in the event of an attack on Lee his guns would be needed; he therefore generously agreed for Breathed to go with Stuart on the expedition.

Inactivity never lasted long for John Pelham. Within a few weeks he found himself with Stuart and Jackson in the second battle of Manassas. At one stage of the action, Jackson became hard pressed and called for additional artillery support. Pelham's guns were the only ones able at that moment to get to the front, and that with only three pieces. With these he gave a good account of himself, as always.

In early October, Stuart undertook the second of his "rides around McClellan." This time Pelham was among the chosen, with four of his guns. There were about 1,800 men and mounts in the expedition this time. Stuart divided his command into three parts, one-third as an advance party with two of Pelham's guns, one-third as the main body of the expedition, and one-third as a rear guard with Pelham's other two guns. The sortie went as planned and was fairly uneventful. The return march of tired men and horses could have run into serious trouble had it not been for a stout defense by Pelham and his

stead of annoying him, seemed to raise his spirits. In the midst of rain-storms, when everybody was riding along glum and cowering beneath the flood pouring down, he would trot on, head up, and singing gaily. His arms were, a light French sabre, balanced by a pistol in a black holster; his covering at night, a red blanket, strapped in an oil-cloth behind the saddle. Such was the "outer man" of Stuart in camp and field. His fondness for bright colours, however, sometimes made him don additional decorations. Among these was a beautiful yellow sash, whose folds he would carefully wrap around his waist, skilfully tying the ends on the left side so that the tassels fell full in view. Over this he would buckle his belt; his heavy boots would be changed for a pair equally high, but of bright patent leather, decorated with gold thread; and then the gallant Jeb Stuart was ready to visit somebody. This love of gay colours was shown in other ways. He never moved on the field without his splendid red battle-flag; and more than once this prominent object, flaunting in the wind, drew the fire of the enemy's artillery on himself and staff. Among flowers, he preferred the large dazzling "Giant of Battles," with its blood-red disk. But he loved all blooms for their brilliance. Lent was not his favourite season. Life in his eyes was best when it was all flowers, bright colours, and carnival....

I have spoken of his reckless exposure of his person in battle. It would convey a better idea of his demeanour under fire to say that he seemed unaware of the presence of danger. This air of indifference was unmistakable. When brave men were moving restlessly, or unconsciously "ducking" to avoid the bullets showering around them, Stuart sat his horse, full front to the fire, with head up, form unmoved—a statue of unconsciousness. It would be difficult to conceive of a greater coolness and indifference than he exhibited. The hiss of balls, striking down men around him, or cutting off locks of his hair and piercing his clothes, as at Fredericksburg, did not seem to attract his attention. With shell bursting right in his face and maddening his horse, he appeared to be thinking of something else. In other men what is called "gallantry" is generally seen to be the effect of a strong will; in Stuart it seemed the result of indifference. A stouter-hearted cavalier could not be imagined; and if his indifference gave way, it was generally succeeded by gaiety. Sometimes, however, all the tiger was aroused in him. His face flushed; his eyes darted flame; his voice grew hoarse and strident. This occurred in the hot fight of Fleetwood Hill, in June, 1863, when he was almost surrounded by the heavy masses of the enemy's cavalry, and very nearly cut off; and again near Upperville, later in the same year, when he was driven back, foot by foot, to the Blue Ridge. Stuart's face was stormy at such moments, and his eyes like "a devouring fire." His voice was curt, harsh, imperious, admitting no reply. The veins in his forehead grew black, and the man looked "dangerous." If an officer failed him at such moments, he never forgave him; as the man who attracted his attention, or who volunteered for a forlorn hope, was never forgotten. In his tenacious memory, Stuart registered everybody; and in his command, his word, bad or good, largely set up or pulled down. ☆

gun crews. This raid was in October and as fall shaded into winter, Stuart's activities tended to change from exploratory work by the cavalry to secure military intelligence to social activities.

Pelham by this time had been promoted to Major, and, while his performance in every case had indicated a gallantry and valor "above and beyond the call of duty," it was not until the battle of Fredericksburg that he really came into his own. Because of this fact, it would seem justified to give in some brief detail something of the battle as well as Pelham's part in it.

In front of the town of Fredericksburg, the Rappahannock River runs approximately north and south. The Federals under Burnside occupied the eastern bank, especially the high ground area. The battle of Fredericksburg involved several quite distinct phases. First of all, there was a wide and deep river to be crossed by the Federals. They undertook to do this by building pontoon bridges for their troops to use. On the Confederate side, the task of making the bridge building as difficult as possible was assigned to Brigadier General William Barksdale of Mississippi. So successful was Barksdale in this project that in utter frustration Burnside had his artillery shell the town, destroying a great portion of it.

Only on the right of the Confederate line was there a chance of close fighting and the possibility of an effort to turn the right flank of the army. This was Jackson's area of defense. As the Federal artillery opened up, Jackson called for the Horse Artillery to go into action.

Within a few minutes, Pelham had obtained permission from Stuart to put his guns, a Blakely and a Napoleon, into action far to the right and considerably in advance of the Confederate line of defense. At Pelham's first shot, the startled Federals ceased their advance. For a short time, Pelham with his two guns held an entire Union Division of infantry at bay. Quickly the Federal artillery returned Pelham's fire so that the Blakely was put out of action almost at once. Pelham and his gun crews fired the Napoleon so fast that a Union general (Mead) thought he had a whole battery. Pelham staunchly held his ground until notified the third time by Stuart to retire.

Between the town of Fredericksburg and the base of a hill known as Marye's Heights, there was a fairly level open plain. There was also a sunken road which paralleled the base of the hill and a stone wall on the eastern side of the road. Longstreet's corps was ensconced behind this barrier, over which muskets were fired. At about eleven o'clock on the morning of December 13, 1862, almost the entire Union army under Burnside's command advanced across the level open plain. The Confederate artillery, on high ground above and behind the sunken road, was sighted in such a manner as to leave no part of the plain uncovered. Now, as the blue coats advanced, the guns held their fire until the Federals reached the 600-yard mark. At that distance, guns double

The young Alabamian had miraculously survived until the late winter of 1863, courting death with every engagement, refusing to consider his own safety when the battle still hung in the balance. Then, at Kelly's Ford on March 17th, his extraordinary luck ran out.

shotted with grapeshot and canister poured a withering fire into the blue ranks which of necessity recoiled, but not for long. When they came within easy musket range, they were greeted with a fusillade at first, then with carefully aimed infantry fire that brought a man down at every shot. Incredibly, this valiant but pointless idiocy continued until by nightfall the whole landscape was covered with blue-clad bodies, dead and dying.

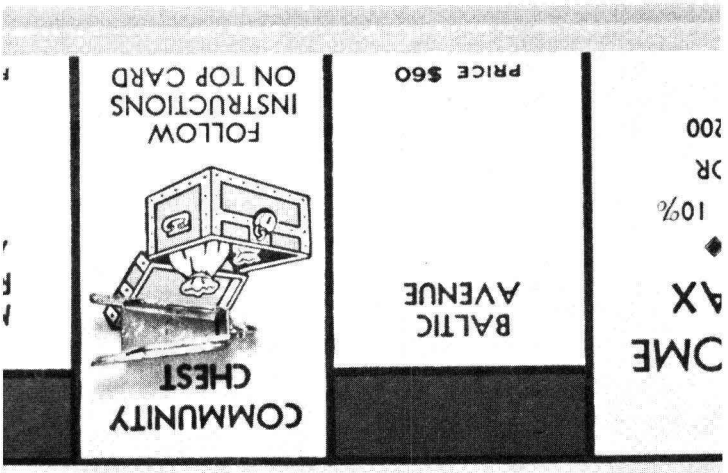
The kind of reckless gallantry characteristic of Pelham cannot be practiced forever with impunity, certainly not in a war whose casualty list would eventually exceed 600,000. The young Alabamian had miraculously survived until the late winter of 1863, courting death with every engagement, refusing to consider his own safety when the battle still hung in the balance. Then, at Kelly's Ford on March 17, his extraordinary luck ran out.

Characteristically, he was killed while gratuitously lending a hand to another unit in a desperate charge. The fighting had been fierce and the Confederate forces had been repelled in assault after assault, only to rally and try again. Pelham, for a rare moment unengaged, saw a regiment charging past him, once more attempting to rout the enemy. Noting that the Confederates were beginning to falter, he reined his horse around, waved his hat aloft, and began to cheer his fellow soldiers forward. At that moment he was struck in the back of the head by a shell fragment. He survived the night, but died in the early hours of the next morning. Heartbroken, the Confederate command promoted him posthumously to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Pelham's fitting epitaph was written by General J.E.B. Stuart, his admiring commander, who wired to the hero's people in Alabama: "The noble, the chivalric, the gallant Pelham is no more. His remains will be sent to you today. How much he was beloved, appreciated, and admired, let the tears of agony we have shed, and the gloom of mourning throughout my command, bear witness. His loss is irreparable." ☆

Zed H. Burns has taught at five major Southern Universities, the last being the University of Southern Mississippi. After his retirement, he went back to school and received his Master Degrees in both History and Linguistics.

GO
COLLECT $200.00 SALARY AS YOU PASS
BOARDWALK
PRICE $400
LUXURY TAX
PAY $75.00
PARK PLACE
PRICE $350
CHANCE
SHORT LINE
PRICE $200
10
100
ELECTRIC COMPANY
TITLE DEED
BOARDWALK
RENT $50.
TITLE DEED
PACIFIC AVE.
RENT $26
With 1 House
With 2 Houses
With 3 Hous
With 4 Ho
With
TITLE DEED
PARK PLACE
RENT $35.
With 1 House $ 175.
With 2 Houses 500.
With 3 Houses 1100.
With 4 Houses 1300.
With HOTEL $1500.
Mortgage Value $175.
Houses cost $200. each
Hotels, $200. plus 4 houses
If a player owns ALL the lots of any Color-Group, the rent is Doubled on Unimproved lots in that group.



WHO OWNS AMERICA?

by Edward Shapiro

I'll Take My Stand ***appeared in 1930. Soon after, several of the contributors had second thoughts about the volume's regional emphasis. Perhaps they should have addressed a wider audience in behalf of broader issues, calling their work "Tracts Against Communism" or "A Defense of Christianity." It was in this spirit that Herbert Agar and Allen Tate proposed a sequel called*** **Who Owns America?**

The Agrarians were persuaded to join Agar and a group of non-Southerners to stake out common ground in what was subtitled "A New Declaration of Independence." With twenty-one essays edited by Agar and Tate, **Who Owns America?** ***was finally published in 1936.***

Now, fifty years after the appearance of **Who Owns America?** ***the publisher of the*** **Southern Partisan** ***has invited three of the surviving contributors to speak of the book's origins. Their reflections follow this assessment by Edward Shapiro of*** **Who Owns America?...** ***fifty years after.***

MONOPOLY ® game equipment used by permission of Parker Brothers © 1935.

Most Americans would still rather own a store, a workshop or a farm than be an employee, even if that meant a lower standard of living.

Every student of American culture and literature is familiar with the 1930 volume *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition*. Few, however, know of its 1936 sequel *Who Owns America?: A New Declaration of Independence* even though it is an important book-length defense of Agrarianism as a viable political and economic option. *I'll Take My Stand* was written before the significance of the 1929 crash had become evident and at a time when the Southern Agrarians were concerned largely with the impact on Southern culture of modern industrialism, religious modernism, and liberalism.

The introduction to *I'll Take My Stand* noted that among the "evils" of modern industrialism were "overproduction, unemployment, and a growing inequality in the distribution of wealth." It anticipated that attempts to deal with such problems would lead to efforts by "super-engineers" and "socialists" to "adapt production to consumption and regulate prices and guarantee business against fluctuations." Ironically, the Agrarians, who had predicted both the Great Depression and New Deal efforts to restore prosperity, were described as visionaries and romantics by their critics.

Edited by the Agrarian Allen Tate and Herbert Agar, a member of the editorial staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, *Who Owns America?* contains twenty-one essays, including eight by the Agrarians and six others by Southern supporters of Agrarianism. Agar, the force behind the book's publication, believed the country was politically ripe for a new manifesto espousing political and economic decentralization, the widespread distribution of property, and opposition to economic plutocracy and political collectivism. Because of the Depression, he thought that such a volume would be more programmatic and have a greater national appeal than *I'll Take My Stand*. Such a book, Agar predicted, would be particularly popular in the Midwest. Its authors could become the philosophers of an important anti-plutocratic political movement centered in the South and the Mississippi Valley which would support the interests of small industrialists, petty merchants, and family farmers, defend the ownership of property, and oppose the economic and political collectivism of big business and the American Left.

Agar had first come to the attention of the Agrarians in 1933 with the appearance of his book, *The People's Choice*, which won the Pulitzer Prize against stiff competition. In that work, Agar traced the decline of the American presidency since Appomattox. He wrote that the South's defeat had left the way open to domination by northern financial-industrial plutocracy and a "democracy of massed city populations, ignorant foreign labour, graft, and 'machine politics'—the democracy, in other words, that was really plutocracy." Contrasting the "bourgeois ideals and the tyrannous democracy of the North" with the "spacious, leisured, orderly" life of the Confederacy, Agar called for a revival of Jeffersonian politics.

Agar argued that the answer to the problems of America during the 1930s could not be found in liberalism, which was "too tentative, too lacking in the courage to go boldly to the right or to the left." The nation needed a conservative revolution, one modeled on the statesmanship of the Founding Fathers, to destroy the power of the monied oligarchy, to purge the political system of the results of mass democracy, to repulse the collectivism of the radicals of Union Square and the Harvard Yard, and to provide a government "neither tyrannous nor venal."

Tate warmly welcomed Agar to the Agrarian fold. His picture of the effect of plutocracy on modern politics, his praise of the South and Calhoun, and his call for a peaceful conservative revolution were grist for the Agrarian mill. Tate believed that Agar had a firm grasp "of the real forces that have made modern America." He immediately wrote to Agar proposing an alliance with the Agrarians to combat the belief in the inevitability of collectivism and "the pseudo-metaphysical dogma of capitalist-communist philosophy." Tate argued that Americans "can still make the kind of society they want.... Machine technology has not changed the political nature of man."

Tate's overtures confirmed Agar's confidence that traditional American values were still alive and well in the hinterland, and they encouraged him to explore the possibility of founding a political movement to restore a propertied society. Initially he wished to establish an agrarian-decentralist weekly national magazine similar in format to the left-wing *Nation* and *New Republic*. He had to shelve this idea when he joined the editoral staff of the *Courier-Journal* in 1935, and instead he hoped that the paper's editoral page could disseminate conservative ideas throughout the upper South and Middle West.

The entente between Agar and Tate was further cemented in 1935 when Agar's *Land of the Free* appeared. This volume clearly established him as America's foremost proponent of a propertied society. Economic collectivism, the Kentuckian wrote, was not inevitable. It had occurred because of greed and faulty statesmanship.

Both Communism and Fascism were unacceptable because they rejected democracy and supported economic centralization. This left only a conservatism which defended property ownership, regionalism and Agrarianism.

Most Americans would still rather own a store, a workshop, or a farm than be an employee, even if that meant a lower standard of living. Only a lack of will prevented a propertied revolution. No economic system was inevitable, nor was modern technology incompatible with the widespread ownership of property. The United States, Agar confidently declared, could again become "a nation with a majority of small proprietors, with no all-powerful plutocracy at the top and no large proletarian class at the bottom." The first politician who appealed to the public's ideals and rejected the politics of palliatives and relief payments "will get a response that surprises him. My prayer is...that he will be a man who chooses to revive America."

In *Land of the Free* Agar praised the Agrarians for remaining true to American values, for rejecting the deracinated materialism of the metropolis, and for pointing out the spiritual wasteland of modern industrialism. The Agrarians, he wrote, were the only American intellectuals "who dared bet on America's future."

Agar's praise of the Agrarians pleased Tate, and he enthusiastically responded to Agar's suggestion for a sequel to *I'll Take My Stand* which would be less Southern in orientation and more focused on economic and political matters. Agar believed the United States stood at a political crossroads in the mid-1930s. The liberalism of the New Deal was unacceptable since it accepted the basic outlines of finance capitalism and merely wished to ameliorate its more egregious failings. Its attempt to retain democracy while doing nothing to restore property ownership was merely crisis legislation which "prolongs the present disequilibrium." Both communism and fascism were unacceptable because they rejected democracy and supported economic centralization. This left only a conservatism which defended property ownership, regionalism, and Agrariansism. To Agar, anti-plutocratic, anti-collectivist conservatism was the only defense against the servile state.

Tate shared Agar's political forebodings and agreed with him that the proposed book, if it was to have any impact, could not be a Southern volume along the lines of *I'll Take My Stand*. It would have to be national in scope with contributors from throughout the nation. He could echo the introduction to *I'll Take My Stand* which posed the question, "How may the Southern and the

Western Agrarians unite for effective action?'' Agar's proposed manifesto was one answer, but it was not an answer welcomed by all the Agrarians.

Since 1930 the Agrarians had planned to publish a second symposium which would counter the charge that they were fanciful enthusiasts. This would offer concrete and practical suggestions for advancing Agrarianism. All the essays were to be written by Southerners and were to concern the social and cultural condition of the South. Agar's proposal would obviously pre-empt this second Agrarian effort. Donald Davison and Frank L. Owsley, the two most militant Southerners among the Agrarians, strenuously protested Tate's cooperation with Agar, fearing that Agrarianism was about to be engulfed by a broader decentralist-Agrarian movement.

Davidson was particularly miffed since he had taken the lead in trying to get the second Agrarian book off the ground. Unfortunately, no major New York publisher was interested in publishing a sequel to *I'll Take My Stand* because of doubts regarding its commercial possibilities. Even the University of North Carolina, the South's most distinguished university press, turned Davidson down. ''No publisher is in sight for the symposium'' Davidson lamented in 1934, ''and nothing is being done about it, or very likely will be done.'' Davidson's failure to find a publisher did not reconcile him to Agar's proposal, nor did it overcome his fear that the Agrarians were about to become the tail to Agar's conservative kite, a fear shared by Owsley. Tate, however, believed Davidson's inability to secure a publisher made it imperative that the Agrarians cooperate with Agar if they were to have any influence. ''We've got to put up or shut up. We can't go on writing our pleasant laments for our consumption,'' he told Davidson. ''We've got to get into action or admit that we are licked. The whole agrarian movement has become a reproach. Of course we can say privately that we don't care, but if we don't care what public opinion makes of us, why do we write for public opinion?'' It had been half a decade since *I'll Take My Stand* had appeared, ''and I am damned to hell if we have accomplished anything as a group.''

While Tate worked on Davidson, Agar sought to mollify Owsley. He explained that there was as yet no publisher for the second Agrarian book, that the Agar-Tate book would not pre-empt another Agrarian symposium, and that the agrarian-decentralist movement would forfeit a golden opportunity to influence American politics if it should delay coming out with a manifesto. ''The few of us who have the right ideas about our misdirected country,'' Agar told Owsley, ''ought to show a united front, ought to do all in our power to encourage our friends in high places—of whom there are at the moment more than have been here for a long time.'' Although still skeptical, Owsley agreed to contribute.

Tate attempted to overcome Davidson's fear that the defense of the South would necessarily be muted in any sequel to *I'll Take My Stand* which was not an exclusively Agrarian undertaking. He assured Davidson of Agar's support for Agrarianism and sectionalism, emphasized the benefit to the South of the proposed book and advised Davidson to cease ''sulking'' and become part of a project which could revive a dormant Agrarianism. ''Our purpose is to be heard, and we can't be heard now if our program is set forth as primarily sectional.... Our choice lies between a temporary disguise for our ultimate objective, in which case we can get attention, and writing avowedly sectional articles to be read chiefly by ourselves.''

Who Owns America? never had the political impact Agar and Tate sought. Regionalism, economic and demographic decentralization, and the restoration of property failed to receive any significant support in Washington. Thus one of the few opportunities in recent American history to create a national political and intellectual conservative movement was lost. The country was left with a choice between the dubious makeshift panaceas of the New Deal and the nostrums of the snake oil salesmen of the Left.

Although *Who Owns America?* did not appeal to the American intelligentsia, its vision of the good life has proven to be more popular among the American public than that of its collectivist and technocratic critics. The most important social development of the past half century has been the demographic decentralization and back-to-the-land phenomenon called suburbanization. The era of America's industrial cities has ended. Every recent census has noted the dramatic decline of population in Boston, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and other urban centers. Indeed the term ''greater Detroit,'' one wag has noted, is an oxymoron. Suburbanization has enabled millions of American families to own productive property, to raise flowers and vegetables, and to experience a saner relationship to Nature. Our current president has a ranch, his predecessor owns a peanut warehouse, and every true American possesses at least one pair of blue jeans, the uniform of rural America.

Similarly, *Who Owns America?'s* defense of small business does not appear to be out of place in a nation which every year witnesses a smaller percentage of its workers involved in large-scale manufacturing. Small business, whether one is talking about morticians, independent insurance salesmen, or palmists, remains an important and dynamic element in the economy. Nor has regionalism been overwhelmed by a leviathan-like collectivist state. One can imagine that Agar, Tate, Davidson and Owsley would not have been completely displeased with a nation whose richest citizen lives in Bentonville, Arkansas and drives around in a pickup truck and whose most famous religious leaders reside in Virginia and preach that old time religion. ☆

Edward Shapiro is Professor of history at Seton Hall University in New Jersey.

WHO OWNS AMERICA?...

FIFTY YEARS LATER

REMINISCENCE

***ANDREW LYTLE** is generally recognized as the "dean of Southern Agrarians," not only because of his long-term fidelity to The Cause, but because he, more than any other member of the original group, has been able to define the religious and philosophical dogmas that have given formal meaning to the South.*

One of our most distinguished novelists, Lytle was for years Editor of* The Sewanee Review, *the nation's oldest literary quarterly. Now living in retirement near Sewanee, he is completing a collection of political and literary essays which will chronicle his thought for a period of 55 years, during which he has remained true to the vision of his own people.

Not much more is needed to add to Mr. Shapiro's interpretation. It happened I was the only other Agrarian present at the time the discussion first took place between Allen Tate and Herbert Agar. Both Tate and I had read *The People's Choice*. I thought to write Agar and didn't. But Tate did. The Tates and I were together a great deal in those days, and we frequently took the long drive from Ben Folly to St. Matthews, a suburb of Louisville, where the Agars had taken a house. Senator Bingham was retiring as ambassador to the English court and had persuaded Agar to return to this country with the understanding that he would succeed Mr. Robinson as editor of the *Courier-Journal*, still one of the most distinguished newspapers in the country. It was Bingham who had made it so by defending the tobacco farmers during the Night Rider days. Unfortunately the editor delayed or seemed reluctant to retire. As Agar waited, he wrote a column for the paper. He may even have had the title of editor. I don't remember. He also spoke to women's clubs for a fee, welcome money in the depression. The word spread among the ladies that he was a handsome Lincoln and spoke beautifully.

During the long evenings of high discourse, which lasted until the roosters crowed, he told us about his father and his uncle. After Appomattox, his father went to New York and became a distinguished lawyer, but his uncle remained in New Orleans, and there he said defeat was worse than he could have imagined and killed himself. Herbert's sympathy was with his uncle. This and the nature of our talk led us to believe we had at hand the Agrarian public figure, since none of the contributors to *I'll Take My Stand* fitted the role, or wanted to.

But the talks were not altogether of economics and political relationships. We told tales that could only come from the world we were defending and hoped to preserve, and of course the society we had been born into, that of counties and towns, held together by animals and trains. Eleanor Agar had an uncle, Major Chilton, brother to Senator Chilton of West Virginia. This gentleman lived openly in Charles Town with a female descendant of the Hatfields and the McCoys, to the scandal of certain citizens. His brother spoke to him with these words, "Why don't you marry the woman," and was answered with these, "Great God, I can't live with her as it is." Once running for public office (women didn't vote at that time) a heckler accused him of this "mesalliance." The Major paused, drew in his breath and said, "I didn't enter this race a gelding," and proceeded with his speech.

There were many such talks and related discussions and various appetites. We ate well at night, but the Agars were dieting, very proud (and naturally so) of their figures. For lunch the food was an excellent salad, but after long hours of no sleep and much spirit salads merely increased certain appetites. Allen and I slipped off and got chocolate milk shakes, or ice-cream sodas. Caroline

said of him he would enter an ice cream parlor with the abandon most men entered a bar.

I merely relate these incidents because nothing takes place in a vacuum. I doubt if the book would have been printed, if we hadn't all met at the thirsty hour in Nashville, at Jimmy Waller's mother's house, she being away. It is rarely mentioned, but the great worth of the Agrarian group was the society we made. We liked one another. We were the same kind of people, and we usually met socially as well as for discussion. Sometimes for a party, or set-back or a little poker.

For me these were halcyon days. I had just finished *The Long Night*, and the Agar household was reading the manuscript. Everybody praised it and made me think I had written the real thing. Never again would there be such a moment. A friend of Agar's was there at the time, Douglas Jerrold, an English Catholic and head of the publishing house of Eyre and Spotiswode. He was a writer as well. He had flown Franco from Africa to Spain to make his revolution. He moved slowly, with grace and dignity. He was carrying lead in fourteen places from the First World War. He became my English publisher, but the importance was this: through him Belloc had a piece in *Who Owns America?*, joining the Agrarians and the English Distributists, both with the same understanding of a common plight. The distress and danger was not merely local. But nothing was made of this.

After about seven years the group scattered. We had our own work to do. Herbert in New York planned a magazine of a popular but serious nature. I, and I think the Tates, understood it that the Agrarians would be the contributors. I had something for the first issue, but when I learned that the Cooperatives and Ralph Borsodi had been recruited, I wired to have my piece withdrawn and wrote a long letter, which the Tates read before I sent it off.

Frank Owsley's earlier interpretation of Herbert's intentions seemed justified. I don't think that now. I think he had high ambitions, but you don't get to be president by talking to women's clubs for a fee. You better know the squires, the local politicians and what speaking you do, do it in those back rooms of country hotels, where sand boxes serve for spit-toons and other boxes hold clean corn cobs as well as Sears Roebuck catalogues. At least before you address "the people." Nor was it handsome features that elected Lincoln. Herbert needed a Colonel House.

I think now more was expected of *Who Owns America?* than it could have delivered. An idea of a revolutionary nature takes longer to spread. It takes a catastrophic situation. Those who were sympathetic to the Agrarian argument could not believe that the world they inhabited could disappear. Well it has. Look to the West, with the disappearance of farms, foreclosures, machinery too expensive for the returns of land, and of course this does not stop at foreclosure of farms. It threatens all those who serve the farmers and the places which make up the communities. The western states, the most mechanized—that is the most industrialized—present the most dramatic plights. Agribusiness is the perfect definition for what has taken place. If the West had joined with the South during the Northern invasion, as did the Copperheads, history would present a different face in this country. But the West did not clearly see their own interests. They mistook a geographical union for a political one.

For further consideration: *I'll Take My Stand* was a Manifesto, with a statement of principles, sustained by the essays. *Who Owns America?* had two men as authors, even though they were editors. This made it just another book. ☆

HINDSIGHT

TROY CAULEY was born in Comanche, Texas; but he has spent much of his life in such exotic places as Wisconsin and Indiana. He brought to* Who Owns America? *a solid background in economics, having already published* Agrarianism: A Program for Farming *and served in the federal government as an economist and soil conservationist.

He now lives in retirement in his native state, and when asked if he had changed his mind about the essay he wrote fifty years ago, he quickly replied: "Not a whit!"

When the *Southern Partisan* graciously asked me to do a short essay on Professor Shapiro's paper on *Who Owns America?*, I got out my ancient copy of the book and sketched through it for the first time in many years. I must admit that I was immodestly surprised at how well the contributors, including myself, had analyzed our condition at the time in which we wrote and how validly we had forecast the future of the economic, political, and social aspects of this country.

In the fifty years that have passed since we put this book together, much, of course, has happened—the end of the Great Depression, World War II, "reconversion," the baby boom, the Korean War, integration, the atomic revolution, the Vietnam War, the Reagan Revival, the Great Recession of the early 1980s, the swelling of the federal deficit to astronomic proportions, chronic inflation, the computer craze, the cultural monstrosity of television, and a lot of other things. But some things have remained pretty much the same—economic instability; chronic unemployment; inner-city decay; compounded pollution of the air, water, and soil; crime; drug addition; and international distrust. Clearly it has been a mixed bag.

The Agrarians and the Distributists who contributed to *Who Owns America?* wanted a nation of independent land-owning farmers with a relatively high degree of self-sufficiency, comparatively small business enterprises operating in a "free-market," as nearly free a choice of vocation as is consistent with the general welfare (admittedly difficult of precise determination), and a genuine democracy in government as against government by PACs. Obviously we did not achieve these goals by writing and publishing the book. Some people have called the undertaking an exercise in futility. Others have called it even worse names.

But was it an utter failure? It was not. At least we gave the people of America fair warning. We foresaw the collapse of the "smoke-stack cities" of the Northeast and the Midwest. We foresaw the impossibility of the success of "factory farming," a system in which the farmer becomes a manufacturer without the ability to control either the volume of his output or the prices at which his equipment and supplies are purchased and his products sold. The current catastrophe in the agriculture of the Midwest, dragging down small-town banks and other businesses with it, is ample evidence of the essential failure of technological progress to solve the problems of agriculture in an industrial economy.

Technological progress in the past half century has been outstanding in the field of transportation. Let's illustrate it. When I was a small boy in central Texas we lived about nine miles from the county seat, a town of three or four thousand people. In the fall we took a bale of cotton to town in a wagon. With a load of this sort, the team of horses walked about four miles an hour along the dirt road, thus taking a little over two hours for the trip. A short time ago I flew from Texas to California in a 747 jet in about the same length of time. That looks like incredible progress. Let's examine it more closely.

On the flight to California I saw virtually nothing of the country. From an elevation of 36,000 feet, all we saw were some weather-beaten clouds. Our seats were narrow and jammed together, but I visited with no one. Nobody showed any interest in me. I was in a crowd but it was a very lonely crowd.

On the trip to town with the bale of cotton we visited with fellow-travelers along the way. We exchanged hearty greetings with neighbors as they sat on their porches. My brother and I had the whole back-end of the wagon in which to roll, tumble, and wrestle. We saw field-larks in the pastures and heard their cheerful calls. Bob-white quail thundered out of the bushes along the fence-rows. Jack-rabbits raced off for the cover of the post-oaks. The trip was a big success even before we got to town.

In a sense, of course, all of this is trivial. But in a broader sense, it is highly illustrative of a basic fact: human nature is better adapted to a simple technology that to a highly complex one. People cannot live happily in a society of bread and circuses, especially when the bread has little or no nutritional value and the circuses consist mainly of endless hours of television depicting violence, vulgarity, and unclassified stupidity. The movies aren't much (if any) better.

A large part of the use of alcohol and other drugs can be traced to a basic cause: boredom. Boredom bred of routine factory jobs, impersonal "personal services" jobs, watching spectator sports instead of participating in true play, "dating" with uninteresting and generally inadequate partners, driving to and from a detested job through ever-growing traffic jams; you can expand the list for yourself.

I must concede that we who wrote the book did not have immediate and precise remedies for all of these problems; but we saw clearly the general direction in which we should move. We wrote a rather good prescription. Of course, we couldn't force the patients to take the medicine. But some of them, I think, now wish that they had.

One quite significant concession I must make: the technology of medical care has improved enormously in the past half century. The net result is that on the average we now live longer than people used to do. To what purpose is debatable.

As of right now, the biggest single difference between our present situation and that of fifty years ago is that we have a great deal more garbage to dispose of than we had then; and some of it (toxic atomic waste, for example) presents especially complicated problems. The next big assignment for technology is to clean up the horrendous mess which it has already made.

Gung ho! for progress. ☆

QUESTIONS

CLEANTH BROOKS is a literary critic and teacher, perhaps the most distinguished in our time. Yet, during his lengthy career—first at Louisiana State University, later at Yale—he has always been willing to speak out in behalf of those social and religious principles he deemed of overriding importance. Thus he has been an advocate of the South while practicing his profession in New England and a defender of Christian orthodoxy during a period of widespread intellectual skepticism.

Since his retirement, Brooks has spent much of his time in the South, lending considerable prestige to higher learning in his native region. And like Lytle and Cauley, his principles remain essentially unaltered.

I have had the advantage of reading Andrew Lytle's comments on *Who Owns America?* and also those of T. J. Cauley They have together said so much that needed to be said about the book that I shall be rather brief.

Some years earlier than the publication of this book, when *I'll Take My Stand* was being put together, several of the contributors, notably R. P. Warren and Allen Tate, were unhappy with the title, which suggested that the problems were specifically Southern, whereas they saw them as more deeply seated and, indeed, universal. They would have preferred a title like *Tracts Against Communism*.

So from the beginning, some of the Agrarians saw the conflict at hand as one to save civilization and not merely to save the South. Their second book sought to broaden the basis of their appeal and to seek allies from outside the Southern states, from both the United States and Great Britain; hence, for example, contributors from the British Distributists and Roman Catholic intellectuals like Douglas Jerrold and Hilaire Belloc.

Many of the individual essays are good, and when read today, fifty years later, seem prophetic. But the book did not capture a much wider audience, and the broadening of the base of its appeal could be interpreted as a dilution of its total impact. The people of the United States were not prepared to listen to what the contributors had to say and may not be ready today; for acceptance would involve questioning the basic tenets of the present order and even the conception of the good life.

I stress this last phrase, for in 1952, when the magazine *Shenandoah* asked the Agrarians whether they would now, twenty-two years later, continue to maintain the Agrarian position, nearly all of those who replied said "Yes," but added that, writing now, they would base their position primarily on a philosophical-religious rather than on an economic-political platform. That is certainly still my own position, though the concept of man and reality implied in the Agrarian position has certain clear economic implications.

What did the two books published by the Agrarians accomplish, if anything? Obviously nothing immediate and easily recognizable. But some of the questions they raised are now becoming evident and even urgent. For example, the precept that man must respect, and even love, nature—not prey upon it, ravage it, but accommodate his life (including his economic life) to it—has been little heeded. It's the stuff of poetry, not political life, most people would say. But the hundreds of toxic waste dumps all over this country and the dead and dying lakes of New York state, Massachusetts and northeastern Canada say plainly that an outraged nature knows how to avenge itself.

To take another example: it may not be healthy for too many of us to become salesmen, public relations men, and ad writers, especially if the quality of the goods we vend becomes relatively unimportant and the volume of things sold all important.

A blind faith in progress may not be healthy either. If we all believe in going forward (*pro-gressus*) but, lulled by the feeling that we are in motion, never ask what is the real direction in which we are traveling, we may be headed into our own modern version of the Dark Ages.

In short, the Agrarians are most important for the questions they raised. If we don't like some of their proposed answers, it's high time that we found some ourselves. The questions won't go away.

That is why I am unhappy with the conclusion of Mr. Shapiro's article. I have profited from reading his account of the early exchanges among the editors and some of the principal contributors to *Who Owns America?* I was at that time living in Baton Rouge, far from Nashville which was at the center of such activity. But surely Shapiro cannot be serious when he sets forth the evidence for the impact of Agrarian ideas on American society. Mr. Shapiro mentions the present popularity of country living and the joys of modern suburbia. Even President Reagan owns a ranch and loves it, and the kind of trousers worn by the formerly disparaged farmer has become almost a national uniform.

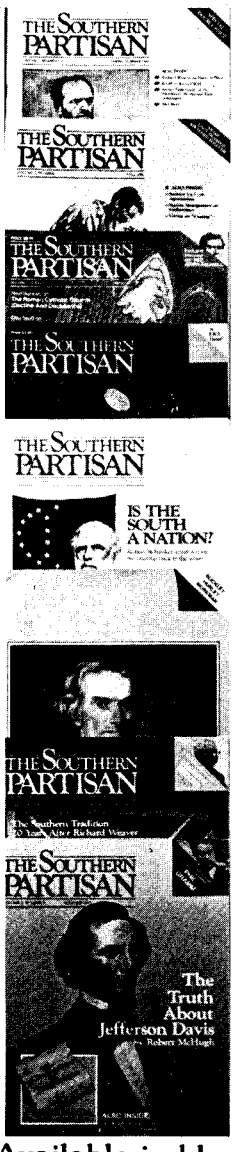
But the Agrarians did not have in mind the luxuries of Hilton Head or even those of suburbia. President Reagan uses his ranch for holidays, and why not? But day-to-day life on a working ranch is something else again. I have relatives who are working ranchers. They love it, but it is far from being pure recreation for them.

Agriculture has too often become Agri-business, and the Agri-businessman, usually deep in debt to the local banker and dependent on the vicissitudes of the weather, finds his business the chanciest of all. As for blue jeans as our national uniform: whether skin-tights or designer jeans, they are designed for a more shapely seat than that found on a hay wagon or a tractor.

Perhaps Mr. Shapiro's evidence is not meant to be taken seriously, but only as an ironical commentary on what American agricultural life is not. Yet I fear that Shapiro cannot be speaking ironically when he writes: "One can imagine that Agar, Tate, Davidson, and Owsley would not have been completely displeased" with the preaching of the Reverend Mr. Falwell. I knew all these men, three of them very well, and I, for one, can't imagine any of them regarding such preaching as having any relation to what they hoped for in the South. ☆

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION

We've received so many requests for back issues of *The Southern Partisan* that we decided to offer this service to our readers.



Vol. I, No. 3-4, Spring/Summer 1981*
A. Charles on *The Burning of Columbia*/Richard Weaver on *Name & Place*/A. Finkelstein on *New Politics/Old South*/...More

Vol. II, No. 1, Fall 1981*
J. Kirby on *Southern Catch 22*/Andrew Lytle on *The Southern Response*/Richard Weaver on *The Pattern of Life*/...More

Vol. II, No. 2, Spring 1982*
F.R. Buckley on *Religion & Politics*/O. Scott the *The Secret Six*/Rev. Jerry Falwell Interviewed/...More

Vol. II, No. 3, Summer 1982*
C. Wilson on *Citizens or Subjects?*/A. Charles on *The Issue of Our Time*/Phyllis Schlafly Interviewed/...More

Vol. II, No. 4, Fall 1982*
R. Whitaker on *Is The South A Nation?*/M.E. Bradford on *The Beast of Todd County*/Michail Makarenko Interviewed/...More

Vol. III, No. 1, Winter 1983*
Russell Kirk on *Calhoun Vindicated*/Tom Landess on *LBJ's Dark Side*/J. Evetts Haley Interviewed/...More

Vol. III, No. 2, Spring 1983*
T. Landess on *The Battle Continues*/R. Drake on *Southern Writing*/Cleanth Brooks Interviewed/...More

Vol. III, No. 3, Summer 1983*
R. McHugh on *Jefferson Davis*/R. Whitaker on *The Declaration of Independence*/C. Brooks on *The Prayer Book*/...More

Vol. III, No. 4, Fall 1983
H. Alexander on *Stonewall*/M. Tapscott on *John Brown Lives*/Eph Goodloe on *Christmas at Greenpoint*/...More

Vol. IV, No. 1, Winter 1984
J. W. Corrington *Are Southerners Different?*/Russell Kirk on *Orwell's 1984*/F. Wilhelmsen on *Civil War '84*/Arkady Shevchenko Interviewed/...More

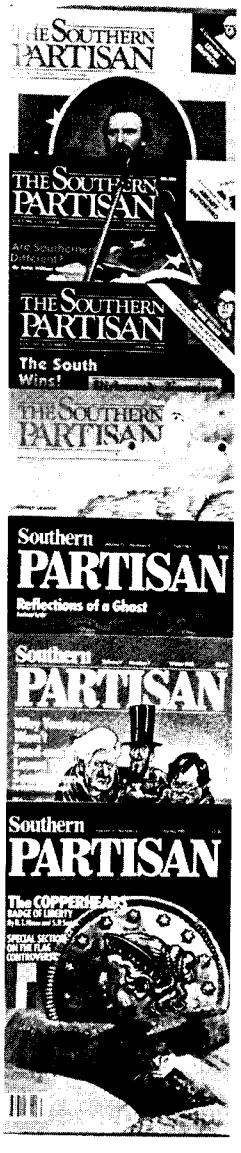
Vol. IV, No. 2, Spring 1984
S. Vanauken on *The South Wins*/J. McClellan on *School Prayer*/D. Sullivan on *Confederate Marines*/Jesse Helms Interviewed/...More

Vol. IV, No. 3, Summer 1984
W. Leamon on *The Second Burning of Atlanta*/J. O. Tate on *Bedford Forrest*/Willard Scott Interviewed/...More

Vol. IV, No. 4, Fall 1984
Andrew Lytle's *Reflections of A Ghost*/D. Davidson on that *Old Time Religion*/Election Wrap-Up/...More

Vol. V, No. 1, Winter 1985
Forrest McDonald on *Why Yankees Won't (and can't) Leave the South Alone*/Russell Kirk on *The Future of American Political Parties*/...More

Vol. V, No. 2, Spring 1985
Hines and Smith on *The Copperheads: Part I*/Special Section on the Flag/M. E. Bradford Interviewed/...More



***Available in black and white photocopy only**

I would like to order the following back issues:

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

- ☐ **Vol. 1 No. 3-4 Sp./Summer 1981 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 1 No. 1, Fall 1981 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 2 No. 2, Spring 1982 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 2 No. 3, Summer 1982 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 2 No. 4, Fall 1982 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 3 No. 1, Winter 1983 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 3 No. 2, Spring 1983 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 3 No. 3, Summer 1983 (photocopy)**
- ☐ **Vol. 3 No. 4, Fall 1983**
- ☐ **Vol. 4 No. 1, Winter 1984**
- ☐ **Vol. 4 No. 2, Spring 1984**
- ☐ **Vol. 4 No. 3, Summer 1984**
- ☐ **Vol. 4 No. 4, Fall 1984**
- ☐ **Vol. 5 No. 1, Winter 1985**
- ☐ **Vol. 5 No. 2, Spring 1985**
- ☐ **Vol. 5 No. 3, Summer 1985**
- ☐ **Vol. 5 No. 4, Fall 1985**

Please send me _____ issues

(cost $3.00 each) = $ _____

First class postage on 1st issue = $ **1.00**

50¢ postage on additional issues = $_____

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED = $_____

Please mail your check and this card to: *The Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, S.C. 29211. Orders will be responded to immediately.

The Vanishing Farm

by Franklin Debrot

I recall the meeting in the winter of 1983-84. It was in the Augusta County firehouse, near the Farm Bureau, on the western edge of Staunton, Virginia. But it could have been many other places in small town rural America.

There were twenty-five or thirty of us who had come to listen to several experts from the state university giving presentations on the beef cattle industry (specifically that specialized area of the industry that is the feeding and marketing of fat cattle for slaughter). It was dry technical stuff, what you'd expect from professors, plenty of figures and columns of figures, under the heading of feeds and alternative feeds, marketing plans and lists of various expenses, and all of it very informative.

I knew some of the other participants. One of them was and is a neighbor of mine, a young man in his early thirties, living and farming with his father, holding down two jobs besides, one as an agent for a seed company, mostly seasonal, and the other full-time in some other capacity with the local Farm Bureau Cooperative. Definitely a small-time farmer.

Another participant was one of the state's leaders in the breeding and promotion of Charolais beef cattle. An active civic leader on projects mostly relating to agriculture, he has long been well known as a professional in the business of finishing slaughter cattle sold both for local consumption and in far flung markets, including the kosher trade in the big markets near Philadelphia and Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The rest of us were somewhere in between, various degrees of part-time to full-time, though I am sure I was the only part-timer whose other job is teaching philosophy.

One of the major presentations, in fact the eye-opener of the morning (much better at that early hour than even the black coffee which was available) was a discussion of expenses and income. I won't go into the details, the dismal science is dismal enough without going into such details as these, but what it amounted to were several hypothetical feeding plans, one of which (a breakthrough) held out the hope of *losing only* $16.81 per animal unit, against two other figures which were much higher. This was a major achievement. The author was very pleased with himself, as well he should have been given the inflexible costs he had to work with. And I for one, on thinking about it in retrospect, probably had come expecting miracles. While I was not so naive as to think that I would find here a map showing the high road paved in gold, at least, I thought, they'd have some suggestions showing the way out of the great dismal swamp. As the light began filtering through the mists, I thought then: "This is a business? The *most* you can hope for is losing only your shirt, in contrast to your shoes, your socks, your pants and your shorts?"

One of the men I just described, the Charolais man, blurted out, "You'll need a dollar a pound on the hoof to make any decent profits in this industry but you won't because the consumer won't pay it." (At the time, sixty-five cents was the realistic figure for a high-choice steer, and today as I write this, over a year later, it is in the fifty-seven to fifty-eight cent range.) So why, you may ask, do people, knowing that they are constantly going to lose money in an enterprise, which, make no mistake about it, involves hard work and long hours, continue to pursue it?

Recently I saw a lead article in a farm magazine titled "Be a Businessman First, a Farmer Second." But the fact is, for the average farmer, if he were to act on the title of that article, taking it quite seriously, he would read no further; he would terminate the subscription to the magazine (because its a losing investment), sell his farm, preferably to a planner contemplating the development of a sub-division, and while he's looking for a

proper business to start up, put his money in a money market fund where he'd earn in interest alone what he only rarely earns on his equity farming. The fact of the matter is farmers *are* farmers first, and businessmen second.

But don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying that most of them are unacquainted with those disciplines of efficiency and cost-effectiveness which every well-run business is subject to. In fact it is well known that the efficiency of American farming over the last fifty years is a major success story; it is not the rural counterpart of a Chrysler Corporation unable to compete effectively with foreign competitors. What I am saying rather is that for the typical entrepreneur *what* he invests his imagination, his time, his energies—his money—into finally makes little difference within the bounds of moral constraint and the minimum knowledge which familiarity and contacts impose. The entrepreneur is ultimately defined by the bottom line, not by the product or service which he invests in and produces, and even less so where he produces it. But for the farmer this is not so; he is defined by what he does; that in which he invests his substance makes all the difference, even if he must also attend to the bottom line. And this is not said disparagingly, certainly not of the farmer. Nor of the businessman either.

Let me be clearer. I am not saying that there aren't businessmen with a penchant for country living involved in farming; nor am I saying that there are no large farmer-businessmen capable of putting together complicated tax shelter arrangements with other "farmers" living in New York and Miami and Omaha, people looking for 200% tax write-offs on their income from other sources; nor am I saying that there aren't individuals who have learned to integrate their farming enterprises successfully with other related enterprises. Indeed there are plenty: the local family-owned fertilizer plant that custom mixes and applies fertilizers around the county; the man who owns a grain warehouse and retail feed and product outlet; the dairy farmer who is an officer in a regional or national cooperative, or who sells rural real estate and insurance; or the man who provides farm vacations in the summer and rents cottages for skiers in the winter. I even know of an enterprising individual who, teaching at a state university, has managed to promote a course he calls "Homesteading," which provides him with plenty of free labor year round plus fees for teaching students how to "live off the land." And the point is, as they almost all will say, the related enterprises provide "a cushion for the lean years," which is of course a euphemistic way of saying, it supports the farming (the same kind of thing a fiction writer might say about his teaching in the English department of the local university).

And finally I am not ignoring the fact that there are some agricultural enterprises which over a period of time—at least recently—do show profits (poultry, for instance. But in that case a large integrated poultry processing and marketing company usually owns the enterprise, while the individual farmer is little more than a paid employee managing one among hundreds—or thousands—of leased factories, and subject to all of the policy contingencies and constraints that such employee/employer arrangements are subject to).

Agriculture is, after all, not one industry, it is many, a fact that exposes anyone who generalizes to the easy charge of over-generalization. But more often than not the exceptions on examination only reinforce the truth of the general rule, that farmers are farmers first and businessmen second.

So how do they continue? How can they afford it? Let's take my neighbor at the feeding and marketing seminar. He has *two* jobs besides his farm responsibilities with his father. He was recently married and his wife has a full-time job as well. Neither he nor his father draws a salary from the farm; farmers are notorious for the accounting practice of not including their own time as a cost of production, but any businessman will put a value on his time, even if only at minimum wage. Now their property has appreciated in value considerably since it was acquired, indeed much of it may have been inherited. And everyone lives in the same house, a great big antebellum brick home, and I am sure that nearly all of the repair and maintenance is done by them, as well as most of the food produced right there on the farm. And even if producing it costs more than buying it in the store (following a strict accounting practice which they don't follow) it is a small out of pocket expense since the women's labor is "free" just as the men's is.

Keep in mind that the gentlemen I am talking about are frugal managers. They purchase no machinery or equipment that can't be justified by adequate use. And old machinery is repaired largely by themselves. Probably they have a low debt burden, and they can borrow money on their fairly considerable equity in bad years. So, if they are careful, they can stay on track. Remove, in other words, the assumption of continuously heavy credit burdens on land and equipment, *no labor or minimal labor costs* accounted for, and you have a *working* farm that's able to pay for itself most of the time and even show a return occasionally. But in addition to the meager financial returns, their lives have an integrated rhythm, theirs is a strong feeling of accomplishment and pleasure when they have a particularly good corn crop or calf crop, and the weather turns right for harvesting and planting. They are part of a community of like-minded individuals; they have a certain feeling of freedom and independence. Many of their pleasures are utilitarian, like canning and freezing and putting up preserves and gardening. They can live fully in the present and yet plan for and see the future in a palpable sort of way, something many people cannot do nowadays.

And finally, the organization of things allows their

But why is agriculture, which produces that which we all know we need and use, so unprofitable? We needn't go very far to find the answer, and most people probably already know it: it is the curse of efficiency.

family to work and grow together; church forms the nucleus of community life, and that gives their lives a sense of redeeming purpose. Their lives thus are more likely to be whole—and this is how they do it. And it's also *why* they do it, because it's what they are—which is a singularly insufficient explanation of human motive for those who cannot conceive of human beings as anything more than bundles of unsatisfied desires driven by engines of calculating reason. But really is it so difficult to see it this way? Must we consign those who purchase their lives with their work—and not the other way round—as irrational because they work so hard for "nothing"? One might just as well say the same about other enterprises, the creative writer I mentioned before, or the painter—or even the publisher of a journal of opinion.

But why is agriculture, which produces that which we all know we need and use, so unprofitable? We needn't go very far to find the answer, and most people probably already know it: it is the curse of efficiency. The American farmer, as well as his counterpart in agriculturally developed nations the world over, constantly overproduces in a world where demand for farm products has not kept up with supplies. It is tragically ironic to say this in the light of famines in North Africa, and in other parts of the world, but it is so. Unfortunately those in the world who need food the most are the same who are without the resources to pay for it. And often their own governments (socialist in most instances, and Marxist in some) are more interested in spending meager funds on lavish inaugurations (Ethiopia), and showcase urban industrial centers doomed to failure from the beginning; and investing more basic resources such as intelligence and ingenuity, into military ventures (most of the Marxist ones) and lovely and unworldly moral visions (India).

The effective buyers of food in the world marketplace are, therefore, those whose stomachs are already full, and what this means for agriculture is the phenomenon which economists call *inelastic demand*. The concept is simple: once your hunger is satisfied your desire for more food effectively ceases. No matter how affluent you may become your demand remains basically unchanged. Still, however, the farmer lives in the same world where demand elsewhere in the economy has skyrocketed. The cost of labor is up—way up; the manufacturing plant in town has a much higher price tag on its tractors than it did a few years before. Therefore, the farmer, putting up hay or harvesting his corn, or selling his beef, and getting little or nothing more for it than he did a decade ago, and not only paying much more for manufactured products, but a lot more for labor, whether skilled or unskilled, faces what economists in their wisdom call the *cost-price squeeze*.

So the cry goes up, one hears it over and over (especially in the last ten years), "get big or get out!" Which is a variant on: "get more efficient." And this the farmer has been told for decades. He must do it in order to survive. So he gets big enough to justify the purchase of more labor saving and efficient machinery, which of course involves a lot of credit, and a lot of debt to become more productive, more efficient.

But there is only one problem. He is not alone. In the aggregate this quickly spells disaster, for there are hundreds of thousands just like him doing the same—growing more efficient. And the result is what we have more and more in recent decades seen: greater and greater quantities of more and more efficiently produced commodities in a market which is not only slow to generate higher prices, but often lower prices because of abundance.

The farmer, and certainly the small farmer, cannot continue on the present course.

So the fact is every year there is a seasonal throw of the dice which begins with farmers planting their crops, and planning their herds and flocks, and then hoping that they will this year turn a profit, or at least "break even." And depending on all those largely unpredictable circumstances—as well as others like droughts and blights, insects and politicians—as in a Las Vegas gambling casino, there are some winners here and there, enough winners to induce in the losers, the hope of their doing better if they just try once again. But as everyone knows who makes and loses money in Las Vegas (and its the same with the much bigger gamble that takes place on the nation's croplands and pastures yearly) the numbers, however true it may be that there are some who learn to play them better than others, are stacked against all the players.

Now I can imagine someone throwing up his hands and declaring "All right, I'll admit it, the farmer is a noble being, whose existence is an inspiration to us all, but so was the Indian, and we put him on reservations. Do we insulate him from reality in some similar way?" Are we all, the rest of us, responsible for those who choose to live the agrarian life? Is it fair to call on the taxpayers of America, for instance, to shoulder some of the inevitable burden of risk and loss which the agrarian way of life entails?

I began this essay by describing a couple of rather ordinary beef cattle farmers, and I suggested that on the

whole they are lucky if they break even from year to year. Over the last few years, in fact, even if you fail to crank into their costs their own and their family's management and labor, they probably have been losing money in their beef operations. So when a housewife goes into a supermarket and buys chopped beef for eighty-nine cents a pound who is subsidizing who? This is not of course the kind of question which would be considered respectable from an abstract economic standpoint, for, after all, we would be told, price is established by supply and demand, and the seller is free to get as much as he can just as the buyer is free to pay as little as she can. But this doesn't change the fact that the price of food in America is unbelievably low, and that the consumer over the last fifty years, has been the beneficiary of agriculture's structured efficiencies, not the farmer who by and large has made the efficiencies, and indeed who is continually running a treadmill built largely on these same efficiencies. The fact is the American housewife and her family are the consistent winners in the Las Vegas that is America's agrarian economy. Now I say "unbelievable" referring to price because it is precisely that. Not psychologically unbelievable because we have become conditioned over a few generations to take our abundance for granted; but unbelievable, yes, considered in the light of over-all human history; and by comparison, as well with the last several decades, cranking general inflation into the picture.

It has been said so often it is surely a cliché, that we do not appreciate the abundance of food in America, but most clichés are true and it is only our loss of the sense of their truth which makes them clichés. The fact of the matter is agriculture is by and large unique. It is not just another industry subject to the same kinds of difficulties every other industry is subject to. It became enormously productive with the dawn of the industrial revolution but it was not born with the industrial revolution, and it has ever since never fully fitted, it has had a love-hate relationship with good reason. But we all have a stake in the continued health of our agrarian life and economy. It is so easy to take them for granted. Just as the city man's tendency is to look out over the countryside admiring its beauty but failing to appreciate the enormous labor which keeps it neat and ordered, blithely and unconsciously thinking of it as merely "natural." So too one detects in the utterances of a certain kind of conservative thinker, one who would take unto himself the mantle of legitimate conservative orthodoxy, a failure to understand that the enormous amount of energy and human intelligence which goes into the production of food is organically linked to and sustained by an infinitely complex network of institutions, human attachments, habits of life and practical knowledge which in order to be understood require categories of thought which transcend what is sufficient in explaining the profit motive. From such a thinker one would have heard the objection issued several times over the course of this essay that the real explanation of agriculture's difficulties is governmental interference, and that therefore the solution to its difficulties lies in a simple removal of government. But I have yet to hear anyone who takes this position wrestle in detail with the difficulties peculiar to agricultural production and marketing which I have described here only in the most fragmentary way.

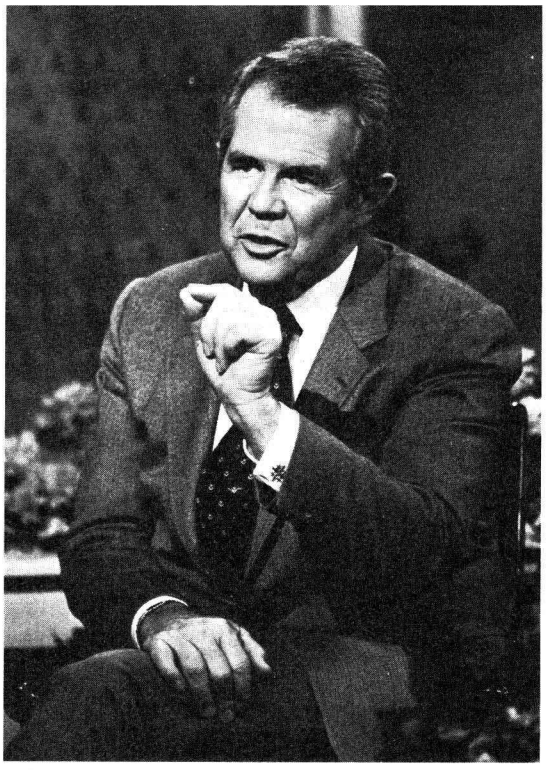
It is undeniable that clumsy and ill-conceived government policies have contributed to agriculture's difficulties, and everyone has his favorites, certainly many of the price support programs are on most people's lists (though beef cattle farmers which I have used to illustrate my story, as a matter of fact, get no direct federal benefits, and they are not alone in this respect). There is no doubt that the federal budget has been over-burdened by many of these programs, contributing, especially in recent years, to inflationary pressures. But all of this, bad as it is, considered as the fundamental cause of the problem is another matter. To take such a position is convenient if one is ideologically committed to a thoroughgoing capitalist philosophy, and it is psychologically understandable if one has battled over a lifetime with the excesses of those who see nothing good in the free market and nothing bad in government's all pervasive presence in the market. Someone once said (and I think it was G. K. Chesterton, for it is sufficiently paradoxical for it to be him) that the mark of the truly first class mind is the ability to hold two mutually contradictory positions. And of course what this really means is two *apparently* incompatible doctrines. For then one has to wrestle with all of the infuriating loose ends, the terribly confusing knots which reality throws up at us, embarrassing us to our enemies as well as to ourselves, but which nonetheless is truer to our experience if not to our neat pre-set theories. Just such a quality of mind is needed now.

Current agricultural policy (and most government policy) is a patchwork of competing lobbying groups, with treasure delivered in most cases to those who may need it least, but who can marshall the greatest numbers or the largest campaign contributions from political action committees. In agriculture, such policies have contributed to conditions that threaten to extinguish not a business merely, but a way of life. The farmer, and certainly the small farmer, cannot continue on the present course.

With some urgency, then, policy must be drawn that will respect fundamental differences of human enterprise—the healthy continuation of varieties of life which are not all reducible to the same dreary formulas. Such policy would neither unwittingly destroy the fundamental working of the marketplace nor avoid responsibilty for the general well-being of people. From that kind of policy perhaps we could all benefit. ☆

Franklin Debrot is a gentleman farmer who also teaches philosophy at James Madison University.

PARTISAN CONVERSATION



Pat Robertson happily admits that he is a Southerner with strong attachments to his region. A Virginian and a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Washington and Lee University, Robertson descends directly from two Southern presidents; and his father, the late Willis Robertson, was a United States Senator from Virginia. At this writing, speculation is rampant in political circles that Pat Robertson may be a candidate for president in 1988.

Robertson, 55, is founder and president of the Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN), which attracts 30-million television viewers in the United States alone. He is a former U.S. Marine, author of several best-selling books, an ex-Golden Gloves boxing contender and an ordained Southern Baptist minister with a degree from New York Theological Seminary, as well as a law degree from Yale.

Most of all, however, Pat Robertson is known as host of *THE 700 CLUB*, a nationally televised Christian program with proven ability to attract world and national leaders as guests. Even Ronald Reagan has granted exclusive interviews to Pat.

The *Southern Partisan*'s Rod Gragg met with Pat Robertson in Virginia Beach at CBN headquarters to tape this exclusive interview.

PARTISAN: There's one question that everybody seems to be asking you these days so we might as well address it in the beginning: Under what circumstances would you seek the Republican nomination for President?

ROBERTSON: First of all, it would have to be, in my case, something that was clearly in the will and plan of God. Without that assurance and calling, I couldn't conceivably leave something as important and significant as CBN except to get into something that is obviously very important, a high calling such as the presidency. So, that's the first consideration.

How do you arrive at that? I am a man of deep prayer and faith and over the years I have developed a considerable prayer life so I have been earnestly praying about it. Then I have been meeting with wise and godly people—men and women—to see what they have to say, so I can make sure that what may come to me in an inner leading is also being ratified by those whom I respect and admire—both the religious people and also the secular people who have an insight into the political process. So all of these things are happening to crystalize the decision for me.

PARTISAN: How would you describe your qualifications for president?

ROBERTSON: Well, I would probably be the best educated president since Woodrow Wilson. I do have ten years of higher education. I have graduate degrees in law and theology; I studied at the University of London; have four years of undergraduate work in liberal arts with a major in history. I have been an administrator of some success over a 25-year period, which means I've had to

make the hard business decisions necessary to make sure that several thousand employees are taken care of.

We operate in all 50 states, and broadcast in as many as 60 countries. In terms of overseas experience, I have met with the heads of state in many countries. I'm somewhat of an expert on the Middle East because we operate a TV station there. I've met with the past three prime ministers of Israel. I know personally the former head of the Mossad—the Israeli military intelligence—and we have access to people all over that region, which is a significant thing. I've established a corporation in South America—I worked there with the W. R. Grace Company. I have also traveled extensively in Central and South America. I know heads of state and business people there, and especially the Christian people. The same thing is true in the Orient. We've done business in Japan, mainland China, Hong Kong, and the Phillipines. So I have a perspective on international affairs that not everybody in this country has.

In speaking of issues, on "The 700 Club" I probably deal with more different social, legislative and geo-political issues in a year than the average person would in a lifetime. We take up every conceivable issue, analyze it, develop opinions and talk to guests. So it is a continuous literal education in the issues of our day. I've had various cabinet members, congressmen, foreign legislators, experts, sociologists, psychiatrists, escapees from the Soviet Union, ex-KGB men on "The 700 Club." I had Arkady Shevchenko, whom I understand you covered, several years before "60 Minutes" did a piece on him.

On top of this, I think I've gained some facility in communication. I think the most important thing a president can do is to formulate major goals and objectives for the United States as a nation, articulate those goals, and gather a consensus in the country in support of them. I think this, over anything else, is what Ronald Reagan has done. He has brought hope. He's brought expectation. He's brought pride and dignity to the country and established a moral basis.

Finally, one thing I could say without question: I would have perhaps more of an opportunity than any other political person on the scene today to address the *morality* of budget deficits, to address the *morality* of the welfare program, to address the *morality* of our relationship with the Soviets, the *morality* of slave labor camps, the *morality* of human rights violations. I could speak of the problem of the family from an intimate standpoint that would not be available to anybody who hasn't had the ministry experience that I have had.

I have tremendous compassion for the poor and the needy. I lived for a short time in Bedford-Stuyvesant in New York. I personally visited the slum areas of practically all the major Northern cities. I know people there. We helped churches—11,000 churches—which are interested in the poor. I have first-hand experience with the problems of the people. I know what their suffering is and how they can be helped. I know how government programs sometimes do not address those needs, but instead compound them.

So I come at it not as some "limousine liberal" or "country club Republican," but as someone who has felt the pain of these people over the years and has actually lived among them for a short time. These are a few of the things that may distinguish me from others who are mentioned as candidates.

PARTISAN: Why do some people seem unnerved about an evangelical Christian minister running for president? Is it because Americans have a distorted view of separation of church and state?

ROBERTSON: I think the popular conception of the separation of church and state is one of the great fictions that has been foisted upon us by those who do not like religion. I am a firm believer that the church—as an institution—should not be trying to manipulate government—as an institution. Certainly the Constitution was meant to prevent government from interfering with worship. This is what should be separate, but there is nothing in any of our Constitutional writings, our history or our experience to indicate that we should separate morality from government, or that moral, godly people should be taken away from the government. As a matter of fact, the Constitution specifically states that there shall be no religious test for any office or position of trust under the Constitution.

In a case several years ago in Tennessee, the Supreme Court actually struck down a Tennessee statute that prohibited ministers from holding certain offices, because it was against the Constitution.

PARTISAN: The last Southerner to be elected president was Jimmy Carter. He was a Southerner, a Southern Baptist, and a professing born-again Christian. How do you compare your theology and politics to Jimmy Carter's?

ROBERTSON: I had lunch two days ago with a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of State who has a degree in psychiatry, and who is also a Christian. He said that in his service under Jimmy Carter—which included some crisis negotiation in Iran—it was his feeling that Mr. Carter used religion to cover up indecision. The second thing he said was that Mr. Carter surrounded himself with people who were anything but religious. I think those two are the nexus of the issue. Number one, I believe in making decisions and I believe that the religious values I have would lead me to forthright, courageous decisions as opposed to indecision and confusion. The second thing is that I believe the choice of personnel is absolutely vital in running any organization. Policies are no better than the people who administer the policies. It's not enough for the man at the helm to say, "I am born again," if everybody around him is living a life which is totally unchristian. Therefore, it is vitally important to have

people in office and in supporting positions who not only share your Judeo-Christian world view but whose personal life and integrity reflect the righteousness of the Judeo-Christian tradition.

The last thing I would say about Jimmy Carter is a quote from the *London Economist* which goes as follows: "Excessive attention to detail may be considered praiseworthy in an engineer or a chicken sexer but it hardly becomes the chief executive of the major power of the world." I think this is another failing—there's a difference between the engineer in the boiler room and the captain up on the bridge when chartering a long-range course. I think that was a personal failing that was evident in some of the tragic decisions of the Carter years.

PARTISAN: Well, if you believe the late Francis Schaeffer, then we are living in what he called a "post-Christian society," where the prevalent world view is humanistic, not Judeo-Christian. In that environment, if you ran and were elected president, could you surround yourself with Christian advisers and cabinet members?

ROBERTSON: Well, I think you have to use the term "righteous." There are Jewish people, for example, who are my very close friends—and whom I admire very much—who would, because of their own righteous natures, be splendid advisers. I think what is needed is unity of purpose. If people, for example, hold diametrically opposed views of the nature of God, the nature of man and the nature of government, then what will result is indecision and a breakdown. The humanistic point of view is that everything has to have balance. We give equal time to the devil. If the president makes a speech, then some leader of a cult of 50 members has to be given equal time to attack the president. There's this constant thought that you have to balance the ticket—you have to balance the administration. I think more than that you need to have a coherent policy based on shared goals and objectives. Now that doesn't mean you impose Christianity on people, but it does mean that those people who are in the administration of any president should share the president's world view. If they don't, they will wind up undercutting him.

PARTISAN: If you run for president, you'll come under the harsh glare of the national news media—a glare which might be a lot harsher for a conservative evangelical Christian leader. Are you ready for that kind of treatment—for questions, for instance, about your personal income?

ROBERTSON: In terms of finance, my life and income, and what I have done has been about as scrupulous as one can hope. I would almost look forward to releasing my tax returns because people wouldn't believe how much I give unless they would see an official sworn document. So that is no problem. The problem is not what we do, but the innuendoes and false statements about what we don't do. Already I have seen statements that are so bizarre as to make one actually incredulous, yet they've been said by so-called "responsible journalists." I know also the technique of using phrases like "refused to reveal" and words like "questionable," which are right on the edge of libel. But the press, frankly, has been extremely kind to me, compared to what they might do if I was ever serious or appeared to be a serious candidate.

PARTISAN: Speaking of the national news media, the *Washington Post* seems to be concerned about an exchange of mail you had with TV producer Norman Lear, the director of People for the American Way, which is an organization a lot of evangelicals view as militantly anti-Christian. In your letter to Lear you reportedly referred to yourself as "a prophet of God." What was all that about?

ROBERTSON: Well, first of all, the People for the American Way have monitored every single broadcast I have done for at least the last five or six years. They have videotaped every word, and they are spending large sums of money analyzing my statements to see if there are any possible fairness doctrine challenges in any of my statements. I said on one of my broadcasts that in the founding of America, that 2.3 million Americans were Protestants, about 600,000 were Catholics, and about 5,000 were Jewish. And the Founding Fathers of American were Christians. Well, I don't think a statement about history is considered a matter of public debate before the Congress of the United States today. Yet, Norman Lear and his group went to station KTOA-TV, which we were broadcasting on in Los Angeles, and demanded a week of equal time. Once a station is forced to give up five half-hours of time for free, then it looks with a jaundiced eye on the broadcaster who is causing that problem. The next step would have been to have taken our program off the air in what is the second largest market in America. I knew if this type of attack kept up we *would* be taken off. Norman Lear at this time was enjoying audiences of up to 40 million households with "All in the Family," "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," and some of the other "classics" he was producing. It just seemed terribly unfair that a man with that kind of audience was trying to drive off the air a minister at 7 o'clock in the morning. So I wrote him in a sense to warn him that he wasn't just dealing with one more broadcaster in a rating war, that indeed he was dealing with a servant of God. When I used the term "prophet of God," I meant it as understood by most religious people: it means a spokesman. The liberal media seized on this as evidence of fanatical views, but they just didn't understand the terms.

PARTISAN: Do you feel this constant language we hear about "right-wing fundamentalist Christians"—which conjures up images of Shiite Moslem terrorists—is an attempt to portray the religious right in a fearsome, threatening way?

ROBERTSON: Oh, there's no question about it. They know very well if they can identify somebody as a "right-wing fundamentalist," they have effectively neutralized his intelligence and what he says. A case in point: *Newsweek* in its capsule pages at the beginning of the magazine described Francis Schaeffer as a "fundamentalist propagandist," or words to that effect. Francis Schaeffer was a profound philosopher. He was a scholar. But the minute they identified him as a "fundamentalist," they had automatically trivialized him and rendered him impotent. They do it deliberately—there's no question about it. If they had said "moderate thinker" or "profound intellectual," they would have given him status. Instead, by calling him "a fundamentalist," they took that away from him.

PARTISAN: Some political observers say the so-called "religious right" is too diverse and too factional to survive or influence American life for very long. What kind of future do you predict for the "religious right?"

ROBERTON: As Mark Twain said, "The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated." I think the statement that the "religious right" or the evangelical movement is factionalized is simply wishful thinking on the part of those who would like to see us go back into our churches and be quiet. I have had meetings around the United States with the key leaders of the evangelical world—the heads of major ministries and major denominations representing tens of millions of people—and I'm finding a harmony and a love and a spirit of cooperation that is absolutely unprecedented. I am not finding the rivalry that the press talks about.

PARTISAN: As a Southerner—a Virginian—how do you feel about the South and how has being a Southerner affected your life?

ROBERTSON: Well, I was born in Stonewall Jackson's home, which had been turned into a hospital. I grew up with pictures of Robert E. Lee all over the house and was told that he was the prime example of a Southern gentleman that I should emulate. I went to school at Washington and Lee University, where General Lee had been president. We went to chapel where his recumbent statue was. I have a heritage that goes back to the founding of this nation. My people got here during the 17th century, then migrated from the Tidewater Virginia area into the Charlottesville area of Virginia. I have the privilege of having among my forefathers the Harrisons. One of them signed the Declaration of Independence, and two were presidents of the United States. One of my ancestors was in the Revolutionary War as an officer, and others fought in the War Between the States.

My father served in the Congress for 34 years. I think that the tradition we have is one of patriotism—of deep love for our country. But there's something more about the Southern expression that has to do with courtliness, gentlemanliness, the way we treat women, the respect we have for God, the respect we have for family values that have been deeply ingrained into me. Along with that, I think, is the Southern love of Christianity. I think we are very religious people. In the South, more than any other part of the country, we honor the ministry; we honor the Bible; and the church is a very deep part of our lives.

This is especially true in Texas. My great grandfather, Russell Homer, was the first permanent Home Mission Secretary for the Southern Baptist Church, and he had the privilege of equipping the first five missionaries to Texas for the Southern Baptist Church. Well, the Southern Baptists are the dominant influence in Texas and there is no way you can account for Texas just on the basis of a lot of oil, broad prairies and cattle. There is a feeling of freedom, of enterprise, of a "can-do" spirit that flows directly out of their deep spiritual belief in God. Of course, the Bible says that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. And those people stand for Liberty.

The Southern Baptists and other denominations have been so active, have deeply influenced the leadership. So you find the very wealthy, the community leaders, the true leaders, the ones who are the pillars of the society and the people of prominence in the South are people who are either deeply spiritual or at least acknowlege the claims of God and who feel they owe something to society. I think this is reflected in many parts of the South.

Thank God, in the South, we have gotten over this racial thing, which was really a drag on us for so many years. We're liberated from racism, and I think probably blacks have as much opportunity in the South or perhaps more than they have in the North. That has been a very hopeful thing to all of us—to see the emergence of these people from what was an underprivileged relationship to one of equality.

We laugh about the old days when they used to say, "Save your Confederate money cause the South will rise again!" Well, I think the South *is* rising. And from a political standpoint, there isn't any question that the South and the West dominate the country. I see the political leadership for our lifetimes being controlled by the South and the West—those two together. I think it shifted from the Northeastern industrial states and around the Great Lakes into the Sun Belt. So, we in the South indeed have risen to a position of extraordinary prominence in the national councils. When I was growing up, I never thought that would be possible.

PARTISAN: Do you think we may see a succession of Southern presidents, beginning with Pat Robertson?

ROBERTSON: Well, I don't know about Pat Robertson, but we will definitely see a succession. It was Jimmy Carter from the South, and Ronald Reagan from the West, and I don't think we are going to see any presidents elected who are not from these regions for a long time.

RESTORATION SERIES

Living With A Lost Cause

by Holmes Alexander

Washington, D.C.—There are gained causes (like the Independence of 1776) and lost ones (like Lee's surrender at Appomattox), and today we are suffering the agony of having lost.

We're enduring the ignominy of hostages taken, of military, diplomatic, academic, ecclesiastic, and journalists and mere tourist countrymen abducted and assassinated. We have cringed at the desecration of the Flag by anti-Americans at home and abroad, and at the near-universal hatred of our idealistic and generous country.

We are told there is nothing we can "do" about it all. We do not make "deals" with terrorists unless they are A.K.A. "freedom fighters." We must not shoot back when shot at for fear of angering some dictator or mullah. There used to be a Revolutionary War flag showing the coiled serpent and the legend "Don't Tread On Me," but that provocative banner has been retired to the museums.

If we dare look at ourselves in the mirror, we stare into the eyes of defeat. All signs say No-Go. We are chained in a cave and watch unrealistic shadows on the wall—national debt, deficit financing, trade imbalance, treachery in the armed services, invasion of foreign goods and illegal immigrants, rampant and accepted homosexualism (the contamination of fallen Greece and Rome), corruption in the topline business houses and labor unions, a profligate Congress, a popular but bewildered president.

It would take a poet-philosopher (T. S. Eliot gave it a try) to evaluate all this. We've seen gained causes, as well as lost ones, and there's something to say for each. General Grant's victory may have been necessary for the survival of the Union, but it introduced the infamous "Gilded Age" of rottenness in enterprise and politics; and victory in two World Wars brought on depression and communism.

Yes, but some of us are old enough to remember parents, grandparents and veterans of the humiliated Confederacy. They were the only Americans—till now—who lived with their Lost Cause. There is no need to be sentimental to admire what that trampled, disfranchised generation made of its lot. I know that in the 1917-41 draft, officers found that sub-Potomac cities and counties did not yield their quota of conscripts (same way in sections of the Maryland and West Virginia borderland) because so many young men had volunteered.

Patriotism, perhaps the most unselfish of emotions, sprang from the South's defeat. A nobility and glamour attached to Southern ladies and gentlemen, and was openly recognized in literature and society. A code of honor reborn from the revolution of Early America, came into flower among the descendants of those who had worn or honored the Gray.

There were many traces of the past elite. While college cheating has become not uncommon at the three military academies (Jodie Powell's expulsion) and in northern universities (Ted Kennedy's suspension), we still have not found such incidents at Mr. Jefferson's University of Virginia or at the VMI where Stonewall Jackson taught or at the Citadel in South Carolina of the Cast Iron Man Calhoun.

It was my high adventure as a journalist to watch from the press gallery Senators named Harry Byrd and Walter George, Richard Russell and John Stennis. These venerable gentlemen-chairmen dominated the upper chamber in its twilight years. They were the embodiment of all that was large and good about America's only Lost Cause. Some other time and place will do to deal with the flaws of the American Confederacy, but I choose to let T. S. Eliot accentuate the positive on Lost Causes, past and present:

> *We fought for lost causes because we knew that our defeat and dismay may be the preface to our successors' victory...we fight rather to keep something alive than in the expectation that it will triumph.*

Editor's Note: The news that Holmes Alexander had passed away reached our offices soon after the arrival of this short reflection. The essay is undated, so we know only that these must have been among the last lines he wrote.

Holmes had travelled the world over many times and, over the years, his typewriter issued opinions on most every subject known under God's sun. But he was a creature of the South. We were happy to publish one of his first writings, "Virginia's Lost Counties," in which he lamented as a very young man the wrenching of West Virginia away from the Mother State; and now we are happy to publish this last reflection on the nobility of lost causes. We were not suprised to learn that Holmes, at the end, had Dixie on his mind.

PRESIDENTS I'

It happened at Vanderbilt University. That fine school invited President Robert Kennedy to make a speech, which he did. He surprised and thrilled us all by bringing President John Glenn with him.

Other people may get excited about shaking hands with Cary Grant or Barbra Streisand, but to me the ultimate thrill is to meet a president of the United States.

Every fourth year I get that old fever. I know that the president will be out campaigning. And over the years I have been pretty lucky. I have rubbed elbows with several of the great ones and no matter what the future brings, I have some priceless memories.

I suppose it was because I grew up in Kentucky, but the first president I was fortunate enough to see in person was President Alben Barkley. I heard him speak a couple of times but never did get to shake his hand. However, better days were ahead.

Kentucky gave us another great one, President Albert B. (Happy) Chandler. I got to meet him several times and shook his hand several times, too. What a thrill!

The next president I met was President Estes Kefauver. That must have been about 1956. By then I was working for a newspaper and living in Tennessee. So I got to see quite a bit of President Kefauver. I remember he was tall. A lot of presidents have been tall.

President Mo Udall is another favorite of mine who happens to be very tall. President Udall always had a great sense of humor, which unfortunately seems to be a handicap. I was reminded of that by my sister who once shook hands with President Adlai Stevenson. His sense of humor hurt him, but fortunately, his tallness helped overcome it.

At the time President Stevenson was in the news there were a lot of presidents in Tennessee, people like President Albert Gore and President Frank G. Clement. I hate to drop names, but I met them both.

In fact, once I managed to see two presidents at the same time. It happened at Vanderbilt University. That fine school invited President Robert Kennedy to make a speech, which he did. He surprised and thrilled us all by bringing President John Glenn with him.

My most embarrassing moment involved a candidate, Jimmy Carter, when he visited the offices of the newspaper that employs me.

I was taking a group of bright third-grade students on a tour of the newspaper when we looked around and spotted Mr. Carter in the distance.

"That man is running for president, children," I proclaimed. "But he'll never make it."

The only other president I have ever met is one of my great favorites, President Howard Baker. I have had the good luck to talk to him several times, but one day in particular sticks out in my memory.

I was sitting at my desk when a familiar head popped

by Carl May

E KNOWN

I was taking a group of bright third-grade students on a tour of the newspaper when we looked around and spotted Mr. Carter in the distance.

"That man is running for president, children," I proclaimed. "But he'll never make it."

into the doorway. It was President Baker, and he said, "Hey, how 'bout that!"

"Yes," I responded enthusiastically, sticking my hand out into the empty air as he walked past me to get a closer view of a color photograph hanging behind my desk.

It was a picture of an old Tennessee log cabin surrounded by trees filled with autumn leaves. Howard was staring at it wistfully. I knew that he is a famous amateur photographer and a great photographer always appreciates a great picture.

But this time I got the idea that he was wishing he had been born in that cabin. Howard is not as tall as some of our other presidents and maybe he could use an equalizer.

As I say, I have been extraordinarily lucky. I have seen most of the great ones. There is just one president that I have missed and it tortures me that our paths have never crossed.

I have never met President Harold Stassen. ☆

Carl May writes that he is a very important executive at the *Nashville Tennessean*, though apparently he has forgotten his exact title. He has blond hair, blue eyes, and is an unrecognized authority on country music.

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

by William Freehoff

ON CHURCH AND STATE

History teaches us that men composing all denominations of religious faith, when clothed with ecclesiastical and temporal power combined, have been tyrants.

Sam Houston

ON THE RIGHT TO SECEDE

Any people whatever, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. That is a most valuable, a most sacred right.

Abraham Lincoln, 1848

ON THE GOOD EARTH

Any civilization can live on the plow alone. No civilization can live without the plow.

Governor William Murray, Oklahama

Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God...

Thomas Jefferson

PARTISAN DICTIONARY

Note: Robert Whitaker is taking a much deserved sabbatical. It has taken the combined efforts of the **Partisan** editorial staff to replace him.

YANKEE—an American with a birth defect.

SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN—Raiders of the Lost Cause.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRAT—an endangered species characterized by a large belly and a short memory.

HEN'S TEETH—Southerners in the Reagan administration.

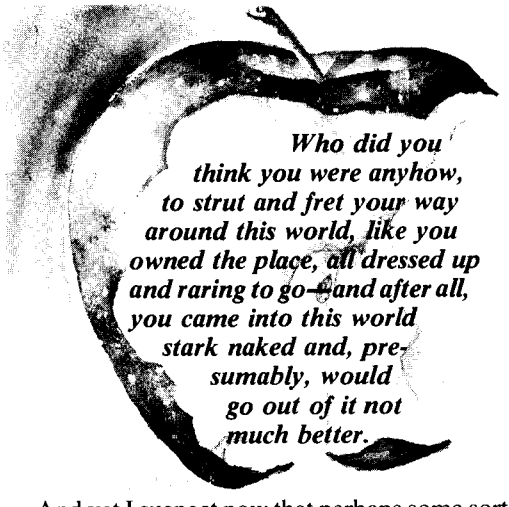
FANTASY ISLAND—site of the filming of John Jakes' *Love and War.*

ALL YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE BORN NAKED

by Robert Drake

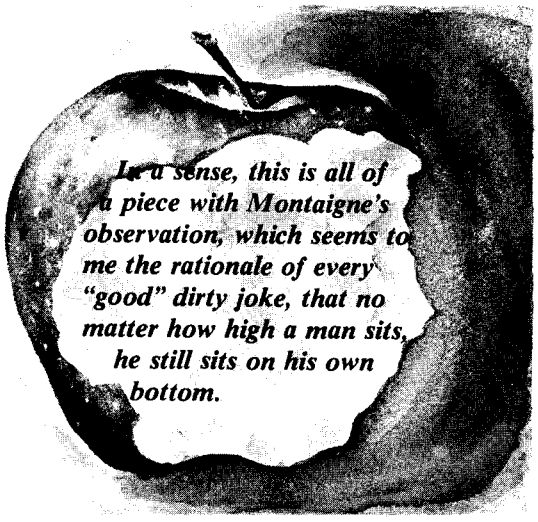
Illustrations by Jody Gordon

"If you sing at the table, all your children will be born naked!" That was what my father used to say to me, by way of gently rebuking me for inconsiderate table manners. (All my life, I've hummed or sung, under my breath, when I was happy, even when I was sad—mainly just to provide background music for the drama of my life, I suppose. Or perhaps I wanted to enhance what I felt should be the drama of my life, something like that.) In any case, when I was little, I would explode with glee every time he said it. After all, it was so obvious as to be banal: how else did you come into the world except naked? But then to couple that with singing at the table, what could be more far-fetched, more absurd than that? It wasn't even a punishment, much less a punishment that fit the crime. And whom was the joke on anyway—you or your children or the world? It would be hard to say.


Who did you think you were anyhow, to strut and fret your way around this world, like you owned the place, all dressed up and raring to go—and after all, you came into this world stark naked and, presumably, would go out of it not much better.

And yet I suspect now that perhaps some sort of cosmic joke underlay the rebuke; certainly, my father wouldn't have been aware of such, would even have thought my suggesting such a thing now pretentious and pedantic. And yet its fundamental assumptions he would have soundly agreed with. Who did you think you were anyhow, to strut and fret your way around this world, like you owned the place, all dressed up and raring to go—and after all, you came into this world stark naked and, presumably, would go out of it not much better. (My father used to say, "They don't make shrouds with pockets in them!" He didn't believe in improvidence, but he didn't think laying up for yourself treasures on earth ought to be your main priority either).

Stark naked raises some interesting etymological considerations. It's derived from Old English *steort* (tail), I believe; and I've even heard it pronounced *start* naked by older people, who would have been extremely surprised, even discomfited if they had known its origins. But anyhow, it all meant as naked as you could get—not *nude*, not even *nay-ked*, but *nekkid*—or even *jay-bird nekkid*, so called, I believe, because jay-bird young are about the barest things you can imagine—nothing but skin and bones, beaks and eyes, not a feather to be found.


In a sense, this is all of a piece with Montaigne's observation, which seems to me the rationale of every "good" dirty joke, that no matter how high a man sits, he still sits on his own bottom.

Job reminds us that we come here naked and naked we will go hence; and King Lear, in his madness which may not be so mad ("matter with impertinency mixed"), tries to tear his clothes off, to get back to the "poor, bare, forked animal" which the vain pomp and glory of this world try so hard to leave behind. In this wise, nakedness is something of a rebuke, a put-down as we would say. In more than one sense, it's dis-graceful; it divests us of our worldly disguises and graces, and "unaccommodated man" is thus seen as "the thing itself." I might add also that it's very democratic.

In a sense, this is all of a piece with Montaigne's observation, which seems to me the rationale of every "good" dirty joke, that no matter how high a man sits, he still sits on his own bottom. And yes, with the buttocks we do come down to what football coaches and sports reporters often call the basic fundamentals of things, perhaps even to Dr. Johnson's sound bottom of common sense. And what it all does is remind us that we are of the earth earthy and had better not forget it. A more polite rendering would be that every man has to put on his breeches one leg at the time, but the implication is the same. And thus the pranks and sometimes even more than pranks that have been perpetrated to divest men of their pants, all the way from Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates ("debagging," it's been called, I believe) to Parson John Bullen, whom Sut Lovingood, that wily frontier trickster and ring-tail tooter in George Washington Harris' tales of the Old Southwest, forces to come out of his trousers during a revival meeting and run "start nakid" (Sut's words) through the whole congregation. And the pious old hypocrite is put in his place—more dramatically and effectively than any sort of oral dressing-down would have done. Nakedness sends us all back to Square One.

None of this is by way of suggesting that the human form divine may not be comely and that some such forms are not more comely than others. In that way, nakedness may be undemocratic; but of course it's all ultimately rooted in mortality—the biggest democracy of them all. Many cultures have not been reluctant to show and be shown the naked human body and have thought it in no way scandalous. Our own culture, with its traces of the Puritanical and other assorted hang-ups, has traditionally disagreed, though now it seems somewhat frantically trying to make up for lost time. On the whole, its attitude has been that nudity is either scandalous or ridiculous—maybe sometimes both. And thus its concern with nudity as disgrace or rebuke.

Yeats suggests, in one of his poems, that part of the great cosmic trick played on mankind is that "Love has pitched his mansion in the place of excrement." And this may be but another rendering of the nudity scandal. After all, scandals and outrages are not only an offense; they are also, in a way, very funny. Funny in their presumption ("Did you really think you could get away with that?") and funny in their sure and certain unmasking ("Now that'll learn you!"). And maybe it's but another case where tears and laughter are not too far apart. And it all brings us back to man as the glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

So that's what I suppose my father was up to, all those years ago, in his playful remonstrance to me about my poor table manners. My mother always pretended to be a little shocked (she wasn't, my father was the more prudish, really); but he always said it with a twinkle in his eye. And I imagine he had heard it all many times in his own youth: he was one of five brothers. But at the same time, the joke had a cutting edge too. Your manners were like your clothes perhaps—instruments and modes of self-expression as well as necessities for survival in a world not always friendly to mankind. And they *were* necessary; you should make no mistake about that. But at the same time there was a gentle disparagement of them too as an end in themselves, I believe. After all, underneath always was the Old Adam, pretty hairy and pretty smelly. And always he was naked. Stark naked. ☆

Robert Drake is Professor of English at the University of Tennessee and a regular contributor to these pages.

CRITICUS *ESSAY*

Another One Bites the Dust

by John Yow

Our barber here in Kennesaw was shot dead the other day. Not that I knew him. I go to a hair stylist in Marietta. Hell, I probably wouldn't have even heard about it except that I saw the write-up in the Atlanta paper. The barber's death gave our little town the most coverage it's gotten since five years ago when Police Chief Bob Ruble persuaded the city to require that every citizen of Kennesaw possess a firearm. He's gone now, got offered a job somewhere in Texas for twice the pay.

Not that there's any connection between Chief Ruble's departure and the assault on the barber. In fact, the old fellow was shot outside his home, on his little farm up north of the county line. No, we don't have any crime here in Kennesaw, not to speak of.

But then, what Sherman did wasn't exactly *legal*.

Loud as any War cannonade, North Cobb County is booming. And a good bit of the thunder is falling upon the old Confederate citadel of Kennesaw. I should know, I'm on the firing line.

Don't get me wrong—I'm no Yankee. No way. But unless you got close enough to hear me talk, you'd have a hard time telling me from all the Yankees and Midwesterners and God knows what all who have decided that North Cobb (just thirty minutes from downtown Atlanta) is the place to be.

Here are a few of the unimportant things about Kennesaw:

●That it's a tiny railroad town about a hundred and fifty years old and that the town proper (hardware store, junk shop, used car lot, drugstore) lies on one side of Main Street and the tracks lie on the other.

●That its original name was Big Shanty. In the late 1830s when the Western & Atlantic was coming south from Canton, the tracks had to climb steadily for nineteen miles until they came to where the workmen had their quarters. It was "the big grade to the shanties."

● That on April 12, 1862, Big Shanty was the site of the infamous "Andrews' Raid." While its crew ate breakfast in Big Shanty's Lacy Hotel, Yankee spy James J. Andrews and a band of eighteen Union soldiers snuck aboard the train—"The General" and her three boxcars—and steamed north toward Chattanooga. They intended to destroy track and blow up bridges on this critical Confederate supply line, but the train's conductor, Captain W. A. Fuller, had other ideas. With only his fireman and his shop foreman, Captain Fuller set out in pursuit, first on foot and then by handcar before commandeering an engine at Etowah. The Yankees couldn't stop long enough to do any damage, and they couldn't go fast enough to get away. After ninety miles they abandoned the train and fled on foot. Some escaped, and some were captured and exchanged for Confederate prisoners. Andrews and seven others were hanged. (Unfortunately, the story doesn't end there; it has an ironic postscript. This same James J. Andrews, this veritable Sinon, was posthumously awarded the first Congressional Medal of Honor.)

● And that today, the railroad still rolls through and three flags fly from three poles in front of City Hall.

●That in June of 1864, with Sherman himself quartered in the Lacy Hotel, Confederate forces under General Johnston managed to slow—though they could not stop—the Union Army's march on Atlanta. In fierce, sometimes hand-to-hand fighting under the shadow of Kennesaw Mountain, two miles west of town, five hundred Confederate soldiers lost their lives. Union dead numbered three thousand.

●And that today, the railroad still rolls through and three flags fly from three poles in front of City Hall.

Here is the one important thing about Kennesaw:

● That just a thirty-minute spurt straight down I-75 takes you into the heart of Atlanta (and just ten will get you to fashionable Marietta). So the thing is, you get a quaint, downhome mailing address (Kennesaw, Georgia) without actually having to *live* in the country at all!

And it's because of this important thing that another army is digging in on the outskirts of Kennesaw—not just on the west side this time but all the way around. From its entrenchments rise shopping centers (the world's largest mall is under construction two miles east of town, out on the interstate), apartment and condominium developments, and too many subdivisions to keep track of—Carrie Farms, Chastain Lakes, Pinetree Estates, Wade Green Manor, Kennesaw Woods, *etc.*,

What can I tell you? It's perfect. Thirty minutes to Atlanta, ten to Marietta, and two to Kennesaw College, where my wife works.

But there's another reason that this is such a good place to live. You get a good view of the action.

At Mr. Grant's Thriftown Supermarket, in the middle of town, if you run short or don't have your billfold with you, you don't have to stand there trying to decide what to put back. You just sign for it and pay the next time you come in. And they're always happy to let you write a check for more than you spend if you want some cash. There's none of this I.D. business either. To ask a customer for an I.D. is the same as saying, "I don't trust you," and you just don't do your customers that way.

Of course, you won't find Mr. Grant's kind of attitude at the Food Giant, just northwest of town, or at the Winn Dixie, just southwest. What you will find is more food at lower prices, and customers who care more about that than they do about a friendly greeting from Mr. Grant. Besides, all those big stores have got instant-money machines in them now, and anybody who does want to write a check is bound to have an Honest Face card in his billfold (because just five dollars gets you a whole year of "hassle-free check cashing").

Still, I like to patronize Mr. Grant's store, and I suspect there are a lot of other folks, old residents as well as new ones like me, who prefer doing business with a person. But then there are those times when I've got wine on my grocery list (which Mr. Grant doesn't sell but which the big chain markets do), and who wants to make two stops? Especially with the baby in the car? Subtle are the blandishments of the devil.

And of course Mike Fouts down at Kennesaw Drug is in the same boat. After all, Food Giant is not about to do battle alone; it's securely flanked by Reed's Discount Drug. The simple, sad fact is, they can sell everything Mike can, and they can sell it cheaper.

Mr. Grant is fighting back, though. He has expanded his floorspace so he can increase his volume, and he's even opened up a deli counter. But it's not going to be easy for him, particularly when the Yankee who forces him out of business will probably win himself a Congressional Medal of Honor.

Along Cherokee, the old residential street that dead-ends into Main Street in the middle of town, house after house is going up for sale. They've rezoned it commercial, and the gift shops, hair salons, and real estate offices are moving in.

At Big Shanty Elementary School, the playground is gone. In its place stand four new aluminum-siding-on-concrete-block classrooms.

From my nest up on Wren's Ridge, I see these things happening: the suburbs creeping closer, the town growing as an abstraction but shrinking as a something.

This seems to be okay with the city fathers, who recently granted a zoning variance to the developers building the subdivision across the road from ours. Towne Manor, no less. These people wanted to put their houses on every third-acre, instead of the half-acre required by the prevailing zoning standard. We Wren's Ridgers were in arms immediately. Why, this was like the carpetbaggers trying to horn in before the troops had finished their work.

We went out to meet them. Or actually, two of them came to us. One was the builder, a good old boy, locally grown, who had a reassuring smile on his face and the interests of Cobb County deep in his heart. The other was the developer's representative—young, slickly groomed, cautious, bland. No accent whatever—could've been from anywhere.

But there wasn't going to be any battle, and they knew it. They'd already been given a silent nod by the town council, and besides, they knew the real reason for our concern. We weren't worried about suburban sprawl; after all, we were the suburbs. We had no objection, on principal, to cramming houses onto third-acre lots; after all, we already had our roomy half-acres. We weren't concerned about the future, or the past, of Kennesaw, Georgia; after all, Atlanta, a real city with male waiters, was moving closer every day.

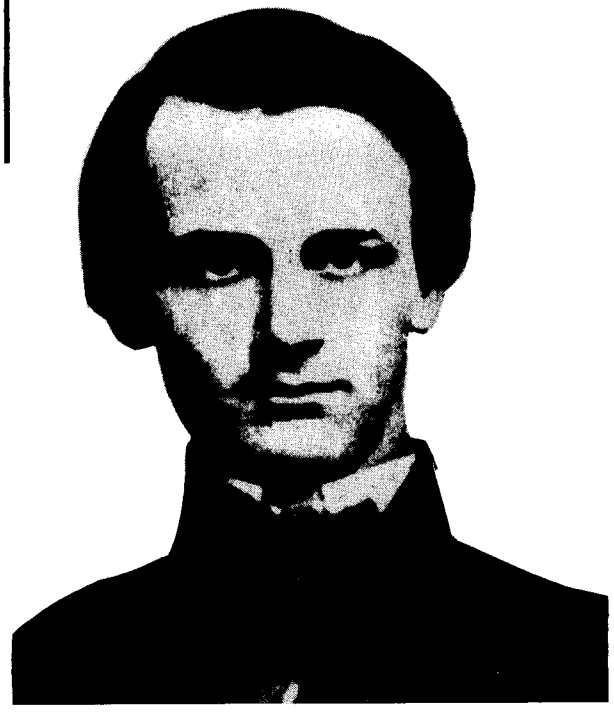
What we were worried about was what would happen to our property values with this "project" going up across the road. The solution was simple and obvious. They would just put $90,000 homes on those little bitty lots. Then, instead of going down, our property values would go up. And if that wasn't enough, the guys promised that they would never apply for another zoning variance on our side of town.

So everybody's happy, I figure. But then I remember that both sides can't win a war. And if the developers are winning, then whatever was there before the bulldozers came is losing. If progress is winning, then the past is losing. Chief Ruble armed his citizens for battle, but not even he knew what to shoot at.

The name of Kennesaw's new mayor is J. O. Stephenson. The old one's name was Darvin Purdy. Now I ask you. ☆

John Yow, a native of Atlanta, wrote his doctoral dissertation on Andrew Lytle and now teaches at Kennesaw College in Kennesaw, Georgia.

CRITICUS *BOOKS*



An Officer And A Gentleman

by J. O. Tate

A review of ***Stephen Dodson Ramseur: Lee's Gallant General*** by Gary Gallagher. (Chapel Hill and London: University of North Carolina Press, 1985)

Twenty years after its own centennial, the War Between the States continues to provoke analysis, commentary, and documentation. Good history—and excellent reading—are still produced about that mammoth conflict, which retains not only the heat of its passions but also its essential controversy, its intensity of feeling, its aura of high drama and even doom.

The well-developed literature of the War has a life of its own, as though it absorbs the energy of what it describes. To read yet once more of that chronicle of events is to participate imaginatively in an elaborate tragedy that is uplifing, disturbing, and even chastening. The lives of individuals as well as the saga of armies and the epic of campaigns can take on a quality that may inspire if not purge the Aristotelian emotions of pity and fear.

So one may feel about the Armies of Northern Virginia and of Tennessee, or about the lives of Lee and Jackson, of Stuart and Forrest and Cleburne, or about Sharpsburg and Chancellorsville, Murfreesboro and Franklin. But outside the circle drawn by the idea of "the War" lies a larger context: the history of this country and, even larger, the ethos of nineteenth century culture and civilization in the West. In the hands of a skilled writer and poised researcher, the very texture of things over a hundred and twenty years ago can spring to life.

Just how effective the close focus on an individual career can be is powerfully shown by Gary W. Gallagher in his new volume *Stephen Dodson Ramseur: Lee's Gallant General* (The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill and London: 1985). The subject of Gallagher's biography is "a figure of the second echelon" who rose to the rank of major general. The story of Ramseur's life—his upbringing and background, his rapid ascent during the War, and his death amid disaster—is representative of the Confederacy, of the Old South, and of an individual and communal consciousness grounded in local identity, personal honor, and familial devotion. No one can read such a narrative today—with any understanding—without a deep sense of loss.

Gallagher shows us the cradle and the values from which Ramseur sprang, the context that determined his life and gave his conduct meaning. Dodson Ramseur was born in 1837 in Lincolnton, North Carolina, some forty miles northwest of Charlotte, and not far from the gristmill established by a German ancestor who would come down from Pennsylvania to the land across the Catawba. "Ramseur's Mill" came to denote a battle of the Revolutionary War. The young Ramseur grew up knowing of the service of his great-grandfathers at Kings Mountain, Guilford Courthouse, and Eutaw Springs. He admired the achievements of great military figures and aimed for West Point.

Ramseur also had the abiding influence of a strong and religiously devoted mother. (The keen sense of duty instilled in him drove him on; and it was his mother's personality that showed in that capacity for tenderness and affection so often remarked by acquaintances, as well as in his developed religious sense and the cultivation of virtues that were for him Christian and Presbyterian.) Ramseur attended Davidson College in 1854-55 to prepare himself for West Point. While there he attracted the notice of Harvey Hill, who promoted his entrance to the Academy. Not many years later, the two would cross paths again in the Confederate Army.

The five-year grind at West Point developed a gritty determination to succeed and brought out a genuine military talent in Ramseur. His letters show an anxiety for his family and himself, his sense of an impending national crisis, and his commitment to Southern nationalism and even to the institution of chattel slavery. But Ramseur made no enemies at the Point. And though he was a fine cadet, a natural leader, and a prayerful Christian, he was no prude. He liked to flirt with the young ladies and wasn't completely averse to the lures of alcohol and tobacco. When graduation came at long last, some rambunctious members of the class of 1860 celebrated in a way that ironically foreshadowed the future:

The wildest adventure of Ramseur's last spring at West Point took place at Benny Havens' tavern. George Custer, a second classman from Michigan with a genius for demerits, arranged a farewell party for Ramseur, Gibbes, Wesley Merritt, and Alexander Pennington. Thomas Rosser, a Virginian appointed from Texas, John Pelham of Alabama, Adelbert Ames of Massachusetts, and several other second classmen joined Custer as hosts. Placing dummies in their beds to conceal their absence, the dozen cadets congregated at the tavern, where Havens had set up mugs of flip, a drink that combined egg, sugar, and rum. Ramseur and Gibbes raised their tankards and began to sing the first verse of a tribute to Havens written in 1838—"In the Army there's sobreity, promotion's very slow"—at which point the others chorused, "And we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, oh!" Havens broke out his banjo and the cadets, two by two, rose to dance. Celebrating until past midnight, they drank a final toast to Ramseur and his classmates, members of what Custer called the finest class ever to go through West Point.

Not many months later, these young men were to meet on the battlefield.

On all sides, the crisis moved towards the point of no return and Ramseur resigned from the U. S. Army before his native state adopted an ordinance of secession. Harvey Hill boosted Ramseur up the ladder of rank in the newly forming state service. As lieutenant of the Ellis Light Artillery, and then as major of Company A, Tenth Regiment North Carolina State Troops, Ramseur was on his way. The cannons of "Ramseur's Battery" boomed the news of North Carolina's secession on May 20, 1861, on the grounds of the state capitol in Raleigh.

The Ellis Light Artillery was a well-drilled unit that responded to Ramseur's discipline and served on the South side of the James during much of the Peninsular campaign. Then it was attached to Semmes' brigade of McLaw's division, under Magruder, and saw first action at Dam. No. 1, April 16, 1862. But meanwhile a new regiment was being formed near Ramseur's home, and shortly afterward Ramseur was elected colonel of the Forty-Ninth North Carolina.

Within Ransom's brigade, Ramseur's regiment supported action at White Oak Swamp, and was on the periphery of events until the last of the Seven Days, at Malvern Hill, where and when, on the far right of the Confederate line, Ramseur's Forty-Ninth and Zebulon Vance's Twenty-Sixth North Carolina regiments charged. Ramseur's unit took over one hundred casualties out of five hundred, among them Colonel Ramseur himself, whose right arm was badly mangled. Because of his severe wound, Ramseur sat out Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg. But the death of George B. Anderson prompted Lee to select Ramseur to command the four North Carolina regiments of Anderson's old brigade. The death of Anderson was not the last that would force the issue of advancement. Ramseur was a brigadier general at the age of twenty-five.

During his convalescence in the fall of 1862, Ramseur's romance with his gracious cousin, Ellen Richmond of "Woodside," Milton, North Carolina, was crowned by her acceptance of his proposal of marriage. His many letters to her have been called "beautiful" and constitute an outstanding record of the atmosphere of the War. Ellen Richmond was "family:" and her brother, Caleb Richmond, was to be Ramseur's aide through most of the War. Back in harness by January 1863, "Dod" had plenty to write "Nellie" about, as he scribbled with his left hand. Now he commanded Anderson's old brigade, as Robert Rodes did Harvey Hill's old division, in Jackson's corps. Rodes and Ramseur were ready to make history with Jackson and Lee; though only one of these generals would survive the War.

At the end of April 1863, Ramseur's brigade marched west with most of Lee's army to contest the weighty incursion of Hooker, and had a part in the contact along the Plank Road on May 1. The next morning, Rodes' division led off the flanking march Jackson would call, on his deathbed, the finest maneuver of his life. By five o'clock in the afternoon, Ramseur's brigade was lined up behind those of George Doles and Alfred Colquitt south of the Old Turnpike, facing east with the rest of Rodes' division and Jackson's corps toward the unsuspecting XI Corps of Oliver O. Howard, Ramseur's old religious instructor at West Point. This momentous pause may be regarded as the high point of the story of the Army of Northern Virginia. Behind Rodes and Ramseur were aligned, north and south of the road, Colston's and A. P. Hill's divisions—28,000 men in all, which Lee and Jackson had detached in the face of a massive enemy, and who would now attempt, by advancing longitudinally through the right wing of the Yankee army, to reunite with the 14,000 men of the divisions of Anderson and McLaws. The irresistible attack of Jackson's fabled Second Corps, rolling up the Union right and spooking thousands of animals as well, came apart in darkness and confusion. Stonewall Jackson, reconnoitering in the dark, was struck down by his own men. A. P. Hill, attempting to restore order, was wounded in turn. Struggling in the night, Robert Rodes found himself, until the arrival of J. E. B. Stuart, in charge of a corps; and in Rodes' place, Ramseur took up the reins of his division.

In the fall, Dodson Ramseur was preoccupied with marrying Ellen Richmond, which he managed to do, only with difficulty, at Woodside. After a month's honeymoon and the Mine Run campaign, he saw to the care and discipline of his men during the winter of 1863-64. Ramseur was an excellent administrator and a disciplinarian who had deserters shot. His men's morale was good,

though he had 40 per cent fewer than the year before. The grand snowball fight of March 23, 1864 (Ramseur's and Rodes' brigades vs. the Stonewall Brigade and the Louisianians of "Allegheny" Johnson) was an episode of war that deserves to be remarked for its relief. As for Ramseur, he was keenly aware of events, knew Ewell was no Jackson, and longed for his Nellie until she was able to winter with him. "Nellie and I have all the evening to ourselves," he wrote. "You *know* we have a cozy, comfortable, *spooney* time."

But domestic bliss had to end with the spring and the new year's campaigning. Ewell's Second Corps made contact with Grant's army on the Old Turnpike in the Wilderness familiar from Chancellorsville. Ramseur was in position in the rear of Ewell's right, commanded by Rodes. Late on the sixth of May, 1864, Ramseur's brigade wheeled to fill the gap between Ewell's right and Hill's left, crashing into the penetration of Burnside's IX Corps, which was driven back for half a mile. Grant had been narrowly but soundly beaten, but ignored that fact. He sidled to his left toward Richmond in a move that spelled the demise of the Confederacy.

At the "Mule Shoe," that salient that would come to be known as the "Bloody Angle," Ramseur was again in the forefront of action, one which constituted on May 12 probably the most suffocatingly vicious single action of the entire War. On a day in which he lost three horses and his men used bayonets, Ramseur's men held on through a rain-drenched twenty-hour nightmare.

Ramseur was again prominent on 19 May; and soon after, when Jubal Early took over the Second Corps from an ailing Ewell, Ramseur assumed command of Early's division. Acting as a major general, though as yet unpromoted, Ramseur ordered an advance at Bethesda Church on 30 May that ended in a small-scale disaster. Was Ramseur in over his head, at the level of divisional command? In May 1864, twenty-two of the fifty-eight generals of Lee's Army had been killed, wounded or captured; and Ewell and Hill were indisposed. Dodson Ramseur's rise was not only because of his manifest merit, but also because of a vacuum at the top. His test as a major general would come soon, and with it the harder test of the army—and the nation.

On June 1, 1864, one day past his twenty-seventh birthday, Ramseur was made a major general, the youngest West Pointer to attain that rank in the Confederate army.

In the late fall and early summer of 1864, Sheridan and his reinforcements came to devastate the Valley of Virginia. Dodson Ramseur hoped for the best in what he, like many others, thought of as a Second War of Independence. He was anxious for his family, and particularly for Ellen Richmond Ramseur, his Nellie, who was expecting a child. "How much do I regret to lose all this lovely, precious time our young life...To be separated from you is to lose all," he wrote to her.

Following Gallagher's life of Ramseur, we know that he was also anxious about Nellie's approaching delivery. As Early followed Sheridan up the Valley, the Confederates approached the scene of their humiliation at Fisher's Hill. On 17 October—Ramseur heard that the baby was born. He wrote one more letter—"Oh me! I want to see you *so bad*! God bless my Darling and may He soon reunite us in happiness and peace a joyful family." The next morning Ramseur made out a will; and went towards Cedar Creek with a flower in his lapel, in honor of the child he would never see.

Early's dawn flank attack at Cedar Creek, led by an aroused and brilliant Ramseur, routed the VIII and IX Corp of the Federals. But Jubal Early considered the battle won before Sheridan was ready to agree. Striking back in the afternoon, the Yankees pressed the Confederate lines while Ramseur and his men held their own. Ramseur was shot through both lungs while mounting his third horse of the day. In the disaster that ensued, the young general was captured; and he died the next morning in the hands of the enemy, at least two of whom, Wesley Merritt and George A. Custer, could recall a boisterous party at Benny Havens' tavern not many months before.

This book tells us that the town of Columbia, North Carolina was renamed *Ramseur* in 1869. Ellen Richmond Ramseur wore mourning for the rest of her life, and was buried beside her husband in the cemetery of the Episcopal church in Lincolnton, North Carolina in 1900. Their daughter, Mary Dodson Ramseur, like Lee's daughters, never married. She was never seen by her father, but she did unveil the granite monument to him at Cedar Creek in 1920.

Fifty years after her death, in another memorial, Mr. Gallagher has distinguished himself in his biography of Ramseur; for his book is lucid, economical, balanced, sensible, and entirely devoid of the anachronistic presumption that so often mars historical writing. The author has mastered his materials and blended successfully the story of one man within the larger enfoldings of culture, politics, and war. He never inflates his subject or makes Ramseur any more central than he was. The author must know that Ramseur's letters to Ellen Richmond are a treasure-trove, even in the vast annals and papers of the War. These letters form the heart of his work, surrounded by the body of his effective articulation of a moving and complex narrative.

Gary Gallagher's life of Ramseur revives the spirit of another age in its own terms, and makes clear why Dodson Ramseur was regarded as a virtuous man and a promising and then skilled soldier. As Gallagher concludes, "...Ramseur gave his life in defense of a cause he believed was dedicated to ideals others saw exemplified in his own character." ☆

J. O. Tate lives in New York or New Jersey or some place like that, but he is a good man and has published in these pages before.

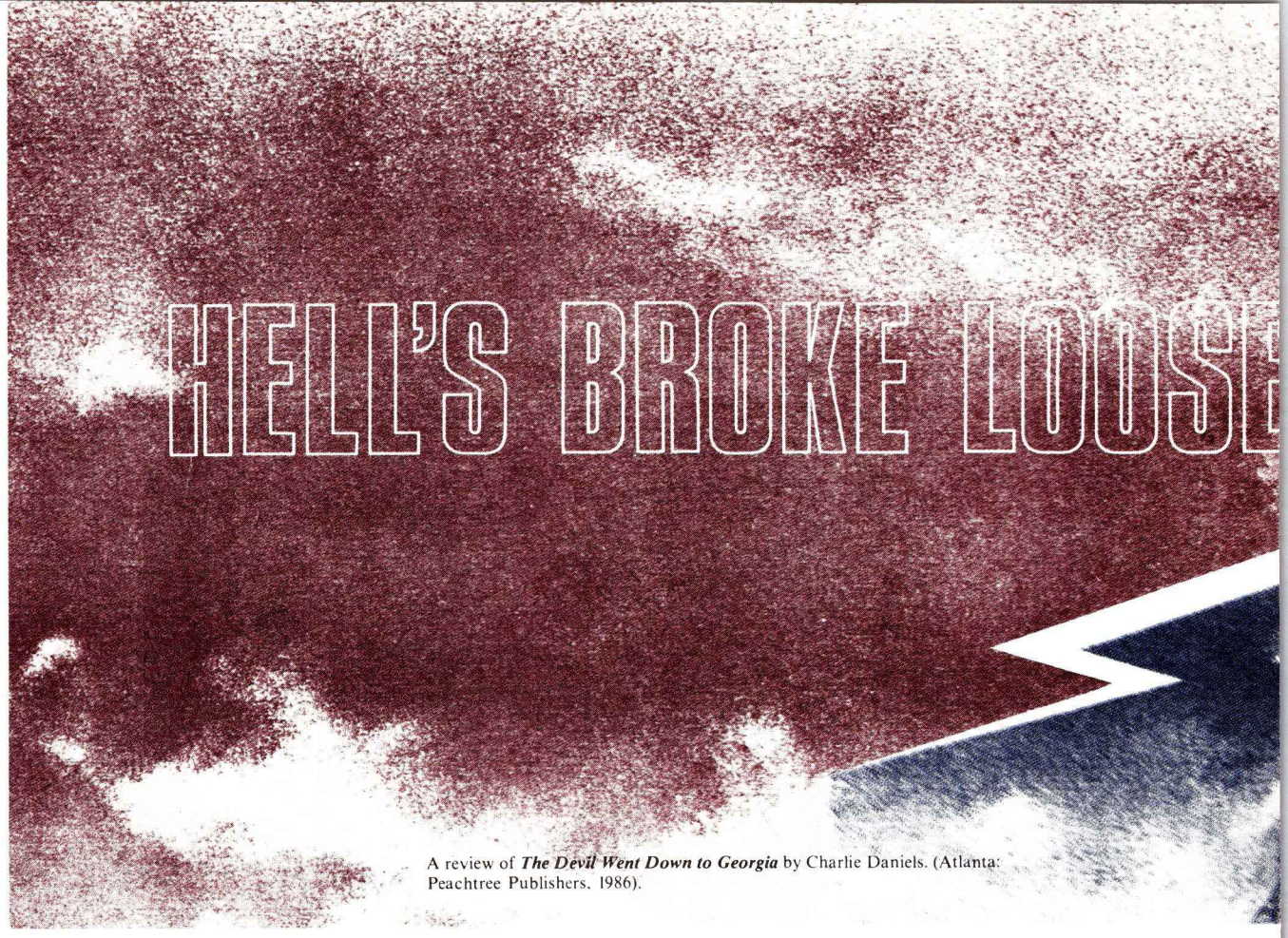
A Special Offer
Singin' Billy

by Donald Davidson

The Foundation for American Education is pleased to announce the rediscovery and publication of a lost masterpiece, **Singin' Billy**, a folk play by the brilliant defender of traditional Southern values Donald Davidson. This drama, once set to music by composer Charles Bryan and performed in Nashville, depicts Southern mountain life in the early 1800's, when the historical figure William Walker was traveling through the region, teaching a new way of singing that still survives in rural communities today. In Davidson's highly original script, Walker encounters opposition among the hard-drinking, hard-fighting mountain men and finally fights them with an extraordinary weapon they hardly know how to combat. The ensuing conflict is a profound parable of the way the American frontier was civilized and defines anew the values that have always undergirded the South.

This first edition, with introductions by T.D. Young and Herschel Gower, is limited to 1,000 copies and can be obtained by a gift of $25 or more to the Foundation for American Education, which in the past has engaged in such educational projects as the full funding of *The Southern Partisan*. All gifts are tax-deductible, and checks should be made out to THE FOUNDATION FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION. The address is P.O. Box 274, Glendale, South Carolina 29346.

Allow four to six weeks for delivery.



A review of ***The Devil Went Down to Georgia*** by Charlie Daniels. (Atlanta: Peachtree Publishers, 1986).

Seldom in the past five years have I realized that it was 3 A.M. and I was still awake and reading a book. One was William Price Fox's *Chitlin Strut & Other Madrigals.* Another was the soon-to-be-released *The Devil Went Down to Georgia* by Charlie Daniels.

Both books are pure story telling at its best, and both are among the best of Southern Americana.

There are two ways a Southerner should read *The Devil Went Down to Georgia*, and the choice depends on the season of year. A summer reader should be parked in an old rocker on the front porch with feet on the railing. Winter readers need only a cozy fireplace.

And time.

This first effort at formalizing his natural knack for story telling should be enjoyed slowly. The reader will want to return to it often, because there is a little of everyone in these stories.

Charlie—the reader feels comfortable enough with this author to think of him as a first name friend—says the book had its beginnings about three years ago. In a recent interview, he said that one of his musician friends suggested that he should try writing stories because he does so well writing story songs. He and his friends enjoyed the first one, so he wrote some more in front of the fireplace at his Twin Pines Ranch outside Nashville.

I read the 16-story volume in two sittings, a short enough span to feel the personality of each story and still want to come back again for another visit.

As a writer, Charlie is unpolished. This lack of polish adds a warmth and charm to the stories. He is first and foremost a storyteller who reaches deep into his own roots for his material, and in so doing takes his readers back with him.

"A name or two is real, but most of my characters are totally fictitious. I guess some of them may be a little unusual," he says in his autobiographical introduction, "but I sure did enjoy writing them."

"This is my first attempt at anything literary, and I just sat down and wrote from my memory and my heart."

Those thoughts form the basis of Charlie's method. He creates from memory and the heart, capturing a little bit of each of us, literate or not.

The title story, for example, and his Grammy winning song of the same name, trace their roots to Stephen Vincent Benet's poem "The Mountain Whippoorwill." The classics student may recognize "Oh, Hell's broke loose in Georgia" ...and "rosin up the bow," all of which apeared in Benet's poem and the song.

That poem, and his high school English teacher, Ethel Oldham, created a literary spark in Daniels which found maturity in this soft spoken treasure of stories.

Charlie has another strength which enhances his stories—his

IN GEORGIA

by James Singleton

characters and their adventures remind us of ourselves. We either *were* or *knew* someone just like "Mrs. Eloise," the town hypochondriac who takes BCs all day and drinks "Co-Colas" until she's big as the side of a house, and finally finds a doctor who will give her a complete hysterectomy; and the characters of a swampy ghost story which everyone will remember experiencing in one form or another as a kid.

Every writer of songs or stories has a secret edge, an often undefinable ingredient which makes his or her work stand out. I think I discovered Charlie Daniels' secret about halfway through the book and by the time I put it down, I was convinced.

Charlie wrote these stories for an audience of one—himself. He had a lot of fun putting his tall tales on paper, and this sense of fun will be shared by anyone who will pull up a rocker or curl up in front of a glowing fireplace.

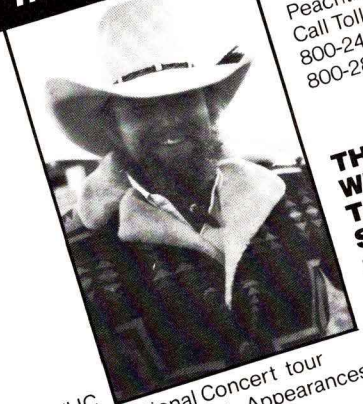
But, what does a 240-pound singer do for an encore when his hit single sells 8 million copies and his book of the same name could easily be a best seller?

He takes the "long story that was left out of the book—it's more than a little biographical—and he turns it into a novel."

I can't wait. ☆

James Singleton lives in Charlotte, where in spite of everything, he writes his short stories.

Tales That Touch The Heart, The Funny Bone and The Southern Soul



Peachtree Publishers
Call Toll-Free:
800-241-0113 National
800-282-0225 Georgia

"His new tome of tales reveals that he's a mesmerizing storyteller. It reflects the renowned fiddler/guitarist's fascination with words and demonstrates that he has a keen eye for telling detail."
THE TENNESSEAN

THE DEVIL WENT DOWN TO GEORGIA
Stories by Charlie Daniels
Now in its second printing, this collection of fiction is as spirited and as powerful as the Grammy-award winner's songs.

$12.95/HC
National Concert tour
Major Media Appearances

Peachtree Publishers
494 Armour Circle, NE
Atlanta, GA 30324

CRITICUS *RECORDINGS*

A review of ***Homespun Songs of the C.S.A.*** by Bobby Horton. (Birmingham: Horton Music, 1986).

by David R. Gillespie

The heart and soul of a people are reflected in their music. Witness the great music of the Reformation. Masters like Bach captured the *Soli Deo Gloria* sentiments of that era. Music as eloquently as any other art form, gives expression to beliefs and values, deeply held. And to be appreciated properly, the music of any era should be played or sung authentically, the way its creators intended. I can't imagine a Bach fugue, for example, played on a synthesizer (despite Walter Carlos). It just don't sound right.

So if you want to get to the "heart" of Dixie, then go all the way: That's what Alabama musician Bobby Horton has done in his *Homespun Songs of the CSA*, a treasury of Southern sound. A singer by trade, Horton performed original CSA songs at a recent gathering of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. The response was so overwhelming and he was so pleased with the results, he decided to record these tunes for others to share. To accomplish this task, Horton cranked up an old 4-channel recorder at his home in Birmingham. So the title of his album is literal in every respect. Even so, he has produced a good quality recording.

Authenticity was the watchword. The songs (written by Harry Macarthy, J. M. Carmichael of the 15th Alabama and General Albert Pike of Arkansas, among others) are all performed on period instruments (banjo, guitar, mandolin, fiddle, fife, drums, dulcimer, harmonica and trumpet). The unique mix of instruments has the effect of rearranging time. As you listen, 120 years slip away.

Some of these tunes will be familiar, some not. Occasionally, you'll find yourself singing along.

Side A starts out with "Everybody's Dixie" written by General Pike. The original contained seven verses and only three are presented here. But it still is a quick moving march.

The version of "Maryland, My Maryland" is simply haunting. Written by James Randall in 1861, this song was tremendously popular in the early War years, but declined after the invasion of Lee's army in 1862.

Horton calls "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight" a true crossover hit. And indeed it was. Written by Yankees, the tune was later picked up and sung by Confederates. Another crossover is a Southern version of "Battle Cry of Freedom." The ever-popular "Yellow Rose of Texas" is also included.

Every soldier who wore the Gray knew "Bonnie Blue Flag" and this stirring rendition is given in its original form with trumpet, drums, guitar, fifes and vocal.

"Riding a Raid" is a tribute to the colorful J. E. B. Stuart. Authorship is uncertain, but it's a memorable tune you'll be humming as you drive to work.

Defeat, like lost love, can inspire great music. Such was the case after the fall of the Confederacy and the horror of Reconstruction. An unknown Confederate proved just how eloquent the Muse of Misery can be when he wrote "Oh, I'm a Good Old Rebel." Another theme that inspires music is the longing for home, especially among Southerners, whose roots simply refuse to wither. Horton has captured the call of the hearth in "Home, Sweet Home," using only a hammer dulcimer.

And of course, no album calling itself *Songs of the CSA* would be complete without "Dixie."

I can give you several reasons why you should send for this tape. One, it's good, straight-up "country" music. And that's hard to find. Two, afficionados of history (especially the history of music) will find a real treasure here. But more important, and third, this collection opens up the heart of the South, stripping away all the glib debate about cause and effect. Mr. Horton takes us straight to the soul of those who fought and died for a good cause. You can order your copy direct from Bobby Horton (5245 Beacon Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35210) for $8.50. ☆

David R. Gillespie listens to his Confederate music on the outskirts of Columbia, South Carolina.

CRITICUS
LIVING SOUTHERN

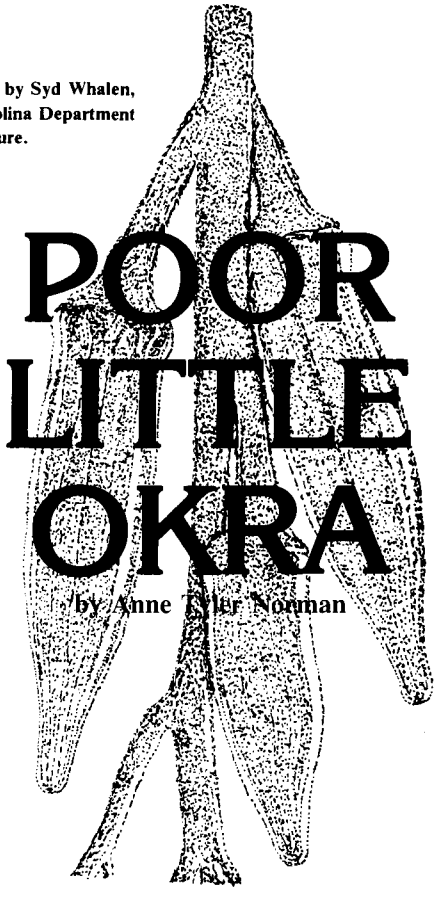


Illustration by Syd Whalen, South Carolina Department of Agriculture.

POOR LITTLE OKRA

by Anne Tyler Norman

Critics of Southern cuisine roll their eyes in disdain at the mention of chicken-fried steak, barbecue, fried catfish, cornbread, and grits. Old favorites, like turnip and mustard greens, are deemed fit only for bovine consumption and Southerners are accused of frying everything: a no-no in this health conscious era. Words like *bland* and *greasy* are common invectives. They like to tell us we destroy beautiful, fresh ingredients like sweet-meated bass, bursting vine-ripe tomatoes, and sea-flavored shrimp. And we're accused of seasoning only with salt, pepper, and Texas Pete.

This, of course, is a matter of opinion. I've lived in the South all my life and have rarely eaten a dull, unhealthy meal. I have also never been to a fish fry and that's not because I'm unpopular.

One Southern vegetable that has the undeserved reputation for being dull is okra: that jade green, pod-shaped vegetable many of us choose to ignore in the vegetable section of our markets. The truth is that okra has more cooking versatility and food value than credited.

Despite the bad rap, okra has its fans. It's been a long time favorite with Southerners, Turks, Greeks, trendy New Yorkers, aphids, nematodes, and stink bugs and has been served in a myriad of locales: from a White House soiree to a Weight Watcher meeting.

South of the Mason-Dixon line, it's a popular vegetable for growing because it's hearty as a tomato or cucumber and suited to a warm climate. As soon as the spring has sufficiently warmed up the soil to a good 65 degrees (anytime between mid-April 'til the end of August), one can start planting. Okra thrives, unlike people, in the midsummer and fall's heat.

Aptly described as a Lady's Finger (and so called by the British), okra is a member of the mallow family and cousin to cotton (you all remember cotton?). It's history is, however, uncertain. No one knows if it came from Asia or Africa or both, but it was brought here first in the 17th century by the Spanish. Negro cooks in New Orleans helped popularize it in their gumbos: a dish they brought from their native Africa. Okra also appears in Middle Eastern, Mediterranean, and Latin climates; the only requisite besides warmth is a fertile, well-drained soil.

Although okra may be a respected Southern tradition, *Abelmoschus Esculentus* does have its critics. Many are offended by its gelatinous character (or sliminess to be blunt) and furry, sticky pods. If okra is harvested by hacks and left too long on the vine, say to a length of more than 4 inches, or cooked too long, *it will be* tough and stringy, gooey and off-putting. Okra like anything else in a kitchen or garden should be treated respectfully. Like many vegetables it needs to be picked very young.

Okra proponents are vociferous in listing this vegetable's health benefits. Low in calories and sodium, its vitamin content runs from A through C, and it boasts substantial traces of carbohydrates, phosphorus, potassium, and iron. Okra's mucilaginous quality (making it a natural soup thickener) sooths an ulcerous stomach, pleurosy, and colonitis. Running the liquid after cooking through a juicer and gargling helps a scratchy throat.

In spite of okra's not being as versatile in the kitchen as a potato, there are more interesting recipes around than just boiling and serving with salt, pepper, and butter. Greeks like it with their olive oil and tomatoes; Southerners like it dredged in corn meal and lightly fried; Craig Claiborne likes his marinated in French dressing.

Okra is a perfect compliment to lamb, chicken, shellfish, and anything tomato. Soups, curries, and pickles have been the favorite time-proven forums. (Okra seeds can even be used as a substitute for pearl barley).

Homegrown is best, but as long as you know what to look for in the stores, that's just as good; frozen should be relegated to those choiceless winter months. When buying okra, look for bright green bruiseless pods no longer than 3 inches. If the ends don't snap off or you can't easily slice them with a knife, then they're too

stringily old. For cooking plan on one pound serving two people.

Okra may not be as temperamental as some vegetables, but it does deserve some care. As long as certain details are attended to, it will thrive in your backyard. There are six varieties—appropriateness depending on the size of plan your garden can comfortably handle. Everyone's favorite seems to be Clemson Spineless. (A few people are allergic to an okra's spine, ergo, this type was developed to circumvent that.)

As long as your soil is non-acidic, full of nitrogen, suitably warm, and free of nematodes (those hearty microscopic worms as resilient as kitchen cockroaches), you should be able to harvest okra. If you've been using the same plot for years, chances are you'll have to check the soil for menaces like the nematode. Nematodes are the bane of the okra world: no one wants wilted, yellow okra floating in his gumbo.

To plant okra you'll also need plenty of space for you as well as the okra. Okra needs to be harvested every two days once bloomed, and at the height of the summer, mosquitoes flying, brow dripping, you'll need all the room you can get. Picking okra is a lot harder than planting it.

Besides the aforementioned nematode, there will be other enemies to hold at bay: soil-wilts, earworms, Japanese beetles, and aphids to name a few. Rather than listening to your pedantic great aunt or know-it-all neighbor, your best bet is to rely on the plethora of information supplied by the county agent at your state extension service. He can advise you in terms of pest control chemicals, soil tests, plant variety, planting, and harvesting. The information provided will be helpful, across-the-board, clearly written (unlike most of the indecipherable manuals we're faced with; look at those of cameras or stereos), and free of charge.

Okra can be an easy addition to your garden and table. Never mind the harangues of those food philistines about boringness or slime factor. Leave them to their cloud of ignorance. ☆

Anne Tyler Norman is a free-lance writer who contributes regularly to the food page of the *Charleston News & Courier* and is now writing a book on the region's premier cooks.

Here are some delicious, easy-to-prepare recipes using okra!

Greek Style Chicken With Okra

1 3-3½ lb. chicken
1 cup butter
1 medium sized onion, finely chopped
1 lb. ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 cup white wine
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper
1 lb. small okra
vinegar
butter
1 cup hot water

Prepare chicken by cutting into 4 pieces and fry lightly in butter. Remove to a saucepan. Saute the onion in some butter and add the tomatoes, wine, salt, and pepper. Bring to the boil and pour over the chicken. Cover and cook over a low heat until chicken is tender and sauce is thick.

Trim the cone-shaped tops from okra. Wash, drain, and place in a dish with salt and vinegar. Set aside for an hour.

Wash the okra again, drain, and saute in butter for a few minutes. Remove the chicken pieces from the sauce and keep warm in a serving dish.

Add the okra to the sauce along with a 1 cup of hot water, cover and cook over a very low heat for about 30 minutes. Put okra around chicken and serve hot with rice, macaroni, or fried potatoes.

Yield: 4 servings.

*Recipe courtesy of Chrissa Paradissis' *The Best of Greek Cookery* (P. Efstathiadis & Sons, Athens, 1977).

Okra Fried Patties

1 lb. fresh okra
1 cup all purpose flour
oil
salt and pepper to taste
water

Wash and slice thinly 1 lb. of okra. Add salt, pepper, and one cup of flour. Mix in enough water to make batter.

Drop spoonfuls of mixture in hot oil. Fry 'til brown on medium heat. (Don't cook too fast or outside will burn). Serve hot.

Yield: 10 hamburger sized patties.

Okra Gumbo

1 quart cut okra
1 large can whole tomatoes
medium onion finely chopped
1 tsp. sugar
2 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
1 tbsp. bacon grease
salt and pepper to taste

Simmer all ingredients together on a medium heat for about 1 hour or until suitably thick. Serve over rice or as is.

Yield: 4 servings.

BOOKNOTES

CIVIL WAR QUIZ AND FACT BOOK

Rod Gragg. New York: Harper & Row, 1985. 210 pp. $8.95

Rod Gragg is no stranger to readers of the *Partisan*. He is our buff when it comes to the literature of War history. And his section, "The Smoke Never Clears," indicates the breadth of his reading on the subject.

Well, Mr. Gragg's many years of fact-collecting have now produced this fascinating assortment of gems. The *Quiz and Fact Book* is like a gold mine to War prospectors. In every pan full of facts, golden nuggets sparkle. Since its release in early fall, Gragg's book has enjoyed remarkable success, having been used in the promotion of the ABC miniseries *North and South*, chosen for the Book-of-the-Month Club, and placed by the National Park Service in many War battlesite parks.

As Gragg states in his introduction: "No event in American history has attracted as many devoted students as the Civil War [Note: Mr. Gragg knows better than to use this Yankee terminology. We will assume that the publisher insisted.) It has commanded more attention, produced more books, and fueled more discussion than any other American war."

The book is divided into chapters dealing with various aspects of the War. The first, "Americans at War," gives the reader general information about the country and people leading up the outbreak of hostilities. In the section on "Campaigns and Battles," the reviewer finally found out why battles often received two names—one Northern, the other Southern. "With some exceptions, Federal forces tended to name battles for the nearest body of water, while Confederates usually named battles after the nearest community." There always has been a great stress down South on community.

There are also sections on "Warriors in Blue" and "Warriors in Gray" that give the reader a host of factual and biographical information about the men who fought in this terrible and unnecessary conflict. And further insight into the leaders on both sides is found in the "Colorful Quotes" section. It is here that Mr. Gragg's true colors show through. While writing for a national audience, and having to please a New York publisher, he nevertheless slips in subtle little hints about where his own loyalties lie. Take for example his treatment of some significant Generals from both North and South.

"Who said, 'My religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time of my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to always be ready...' Stonewall Jackson." Or again, "What famous military war leader made this statement to the chaplains of his army: 'I can only say that I am nothing but a poor sinner, trusting in Christ alone for salvation'? Robert E. Lee." Or witness the last words of a mortally wounded J.E.B. Stuart who said, after having two ministers sing "Rock of Ages,": "I am going fast now. I am resigned; God's will be done."

Compare these men with the likes of "Spoons" Butler, the Yankee General who was quite fond of Southern silverware and added it extensively to his collection while serving as military governor of New Orleans. Or the Federal Colonel, one John Turchin, who ordered his men to burn and loot Athens, Alabama and promised: "I shut my eyes for one hour." He was dismissed for this action, but soon reinstated by Lincoln...as a General.

A final piece of evidence in showing Mr. Gragg's true sentiments is found in a question and answer on page 180, where he asks: "What wartime emancipation plan proposed by Abraham Lincoln became a law—and failed?" The answer is a plan that Lincoln proposed offering financial compensation to states adopting a gradual emancipation of slaves. Know what? None of the Northern slave-holding states accepted the plan!

If you are going to pursue trivia, at least make it worthwhile. It's far better to know what Lee's last words were than what type of cigarette lighter James Bond carried. And besides, trivia is just that: insignificant matters. Even though this book is marketed in the game sections (and history) of bookstores, knowing the War, who fought it, why it was fought and how it was fought is no game, and it's no small matter to the man or woman who really wants to understand what it means to be a Southerner.

—David R. Gillespie

YOUR HIT PARADE-AMERICAN TOP 10 HITS

Bruce Elrod. Your Hit Parade Golden Oldies, Inc.; Columbia, South Carolina. 462 pp. $24.95.

Meaningful trivia? What country artist actually served time in San Quentin prison? Who is Sarah Ophelia Colley? What English super rock star is really named Reginald Dwight?

What was the number one song in the country on your birthday? Did you know that the first country recording was made by a Confederate veteran, Henry C. Gilliland, on Victor Records June 30, 1922? Who recorded the only authentic rendition of Dixie?

For the answers to these and any other conceivable questions about music, get this book. Never before has there been such a comprehensive compilation of musical trivia.

The author, a native of South Carolina, started collecting records some time ago and has recorded the fruits of his labors for us in an easily handled form.

But back to the book. Chapters in this 462 page work include American Top 10 Hits through 1984; Top 10 Hits of All Time, Christmas, Easter and New Year's; Gospel; Country; and Novelty.

Of special interest to readers of the *Partisan* will be the section on Songs of the South. It not only features a *Partisan* cover, but is unique in its presentation of the all-time 21 most popular songs about the South. Leading the list is Mitch Miller's rendition of Dixie. Hank Williams, Jr., Jerry Reed, Phil Harris and Tom T. Hall are just a few of the artists represented on the list.

Normally trivia doesn't do much for me. I've quit playing that game, now. But because of an inherent love of both the South and music, I found myself flipping through this book a good bit. Now, let's see, November 20, 1952....

—David R. Gillespie

YOUR HIT PARADE PRESENTS SONGS OF THE SOUTH

NO.	TITLE	ARTIST
1.	*Dixie*	*Mitch Miller*
2.	*Tara's Theme*	*Gone With The Wind S.T.*
3.	*If Heaven Ain't A Lot Like Dixie*	*Hank Williams, Jr.*
4.	*Dixie On My Mind*	*Hank Williams, Jr.*
5.	*Are You From Dixie*	*Jerry Reed*
6.	*Southern Nights*	*Glen Campbell*
7.	*Southern Rains*	*Mel Tillis*
8.	*The South's Gonna Do It*	*Charlie Daniels*
9.	*I Believe the South Is Gonna Rise Again*	*Molly Ridgeway (Orig. Ver.)*
10.	*I'm Going Back to Dixie*	*Mitch Miller*
11.	*That's What I Like about the South*	*Phil Harris*
12.	*Johnny Reb*	*Johnny Horton*
13.	*Dear Old Dixie*	*Flatt & Scruggs*
14.	*Christmas in Dixie*	*Alabama*
15.	*Southtown USA*	*Dixiebelles*
16.	*Poor Rebel Soldier*	*Flatt & Scruggs*
17.	*Song of the South*	*Tom T. Hall & Earl Scruggs*
18.	*The South's Gonna Rattle*	*Hank Williams, Jr.*
19.	*Highway Headin' South*	*Porter Wagoner*
20.	*From Dixie With Love*	*Danny Davis, Nashville Brass*

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

●TOUCHED BY FIRE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF THE CIVIL WAR, ***by William C. Davis, editor (313 pp. Little, Brown. $50)*** The American War Between the States was the first conflict in history to be extensively recorded by photography and in the 121 years since Appomattox a continuous stream of photographic publications has emerged. The earliest were expensive collections of photographs sold in albums. As the American publishing acquired increasingly modern technology, the albums were replaced by photographic histories of the war in book form.

Now, along comes *Touched By Fire*, a two-volume work of Civil War photographs compiled by noted historian William C. Davis, who was also editor of the *Image of War* series. After Davis' recent, extensive photographic study, readers may justifiably wonder what more can be said.

From a photographic snapshot of the nation on the eve of war to memorable portraits of aging veterans, the War Between the States unfolds in this photographic collection. Soldiers, encampments, warships, weaponry and the devastation of that awful conflict are preserved here. Included among the 600 images of volume one are the rare photographs by Confederate cameramen J.D. Edwards and A.D. Lytle, who provide a view of the conflict that is decidedly Southern.

●CIVIL WAR GUNS, ***by William Edwards (444 pp. Castle Books. $19.95)*** Here is a sturdy reprint of the 1962 classic on the arms of the war. The descendant of a Confederate cannoneer and an authority on the small arms of the War, the author has produced a comprehensive, fascinating study on the firearms of the conflict, which is happily available in repint. It may be *the* book on guns.

●GREAT CIVIL WAR HEROES AND THEIR BATTLES, ***edited by Walton Rawls (304 pp. Abbeville Press. $39.95)*** This is a large, colorful and handsomely bound reprint of a late nineteenth century album originally published by the Duke Tobacco Company. It features biographies of fifty generals from the War Between the States, half of whom wore the Gray. The book's language is pleasantly nineteenth century, describing Confederate generals as "daring and intrepid," and its narrative provides carefully selected details often overlooked by modern biographical collections. The work is graced by color portraits and classic battle scenes.

●INTO THE WILDERNESS WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, ***by Robert G. Scott (236 pp. University of Indiana Press. $17.95)*** General Ulysses S. Grant clearly demonstrated his ability to shed the blood of others in the 1864 Wilderness Campaign. Waged in the dense tangle of Virginia thickets known as the Wilderness, the campaign was one of the costliest episodes in American military history.

Historian Robert Scott retells the story of the Wilderness with clarity, detail and drama. While the title emphasizes the Army of the Potomac, the book deals with both sides of the bloody campaign and depicts Lee's Army of Northern Virginia as the efficient fighting force it was. Enhancing this history are modern photographs of key battlefield sites, mixed with wartime images, and a helpful concluding chronology. Scott's work does not have the I-was-there tone of Schaff Morris' *The Battle of the Wilderness*, which was written by a veteran, nor does it offer the definitive detail of Edward Steere's *The Wilderness Campaign*, but it is a brisk, authoritative history of the Wilderness Campaign, despite its limitations.

●THE COASTAL WAR, ***by Peter M. Chaitin (176 pp. Time-Life Books. $12.95)*** From the Battle of Roanoke Island to the fall of Fort Fisher, the Coastal War of 1861-65 is charted in this lively volume. The narrative is crisply terse and the volume is blessed with an excellent collection of illustrations.

Among the visual aids in this book are color photos of Confederate torpedoes, a parade of artillery shells, and excellent photographs of other period artifacts. Perhaps the best feature of the book is a color photograph of a Southern chamber pot adorned with an image of General Benjamin ("Beast") Butler, the controversial federal military Governor of New Orleans. This photo alone is worth the price of this volume.

●THE LAST FULL MEASURE, ***narrated by Stacy Keach (VHS or Beta, 30-minutes. Aviation A. V. Library. $49.95)*** With bookstores now routinely stocking videotape programs, it was inevitable that someone would market a video program on the War Between the States. Aviation A. V. Library (3100 Airport Avenue, Santa Monica, CA 90405) has done so with *The Last Full Measure*, a television documentary on the Battle of Gettysburg. Although the host's outdated wardrobe reminds us of the film's 1970's production date, the video is quite good despite a stiff price tag. Keach takes the viewer on a video tour of the battlefield and concludes by interviewing the late Bruce Catton. The video tour is entertaining, but Catton is superb. His monologue on the death of Virginia's General Armistead at the height of Pickett's Charge is an emotional tribute to the thin gray line that climbed the wall on Cemetery Ridge. Now we wait for a comprehensive and popularly-priced video history of the War for Southern Independence.

CLASSIFIED

19 AUTHENTIC CSA SONGS ON CASSETTE: Must for collectors, makes great gift. $8.50 postpaid. Horton Music, 5245 Beacon Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35210.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES CHRONICLE: A new concept! A bi-weekly, newly-written newspaper commencing 1861 (1986) and marching chronologically through Confederate history to 1865 (1990). Every battle, event and figure in its proper sequence and perspective. Columns: Soldier Gray, State Reports, Homefront, Maps, Photographs, More. $26/year, $2/Sample. Dept S, Box 587, Bountiful, Utah 84010.

FLAGS AND GUIDONS: Museum quality reproductions Colonial, American Revolution, War for Southern Independence, Indian Wars, Custom Flags. Confederate Flags to official specifications. $2.00 for illustrated list No. 85SP. Military Collectibles, Box 971, Minden, Louisiana 71055.

THE CIVIL WAR IN INDIAN TERRITORY: by Dr. LeRoy Fischer. Limited, used quantities of this out-of-print classic. $5.00 plus $1.00 shipping. Book, 318 South Duncan #1, Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074.

BIBLE LAW COURSE: For free sample lessons write to The Christian Committee to Teach Bible Law, Box 481, Lakemore, Ohio 44250.

AUTOGRAPHS ALL FIELDS: Our specialties are the Revolution and The War Between The States, monthly lists. Jim Hayes, Box 12557-SP, James Island, SC 29412. Phone (803) 795-0732.

FOR SALE. Confederate Signal Cannon: No markings but authentic. $500 or best offer. Call (803) 869-2883.

WANTED TO BUY CONFEDERATE MEMORABILIA: From the 1st, 4th, 5th Texas Infantry; 3rd Arkansas Infantry; 7th, 8th Texas Cavalry; 42nd Georgia Infantry; 5th Florida Infantry; 28th Mississippi Cavalry; 34th Alabama Infantry. David Rowland, P. O. Box 5842, Springfield, Illinois 62705.

BLAKELY SHELLS, MERCANTILE SUPPLIES: recovered from *CSS Georgiana* (sistership to *CSS Alabama*) sunk Charleston, 1863. Photos, history, price list and artifact sample—$5.00—refundable against purchase. TANTALUS, 704-SP Water, Allendale, South Carolina 29810.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF CIVIL WAR PRINTS: Rare and new books, playing cards, maps. Send $1.00 for sample issue. Theme Prints, Ltd., Box 123-SP, Bayside, New York 11361.

WANTED: Any information available pertaining to the 53rd North Carolina Regiment and its men during the War. Brock Townsend, 136 West Escalones, San Clemente, California 92672. (714) 492-9513.

APARTHEID A SIN? NO! Read Reverend R. L. Dabney's *Defense of Virginia and the South*. 356 pages, clothbound, $10.00 postpaid. Order now and we will include *Secession* by Dabney, a $3.50 value. Columbia Press, 201 Columbia Building, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74114.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL HALL

JOHN HURLEY

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

Those of us associated with Confederate Memorial Hall often hear the charge that we are "still fighting the War Between the States." True enough. But more than that, I'm happy to report to you that we are also still fighting the Vietnam War. In both cases, of course, we are on the right side.

Concerning our recent involvement in post-Vietnam era politics, we are following the lead of Alabama's Senator Jeremiah Denton, a man who possesses a strong sense of duty both to God and country. And it was this sense of duty that was the target of his communist captors in Vietnam as they devised various tortures to induce him to abandon both.

With Senator Denton's first-hand knowledge of communism, you can imagine his dismay recently when the U. S. Senate was poised to grant a federal charter to the Vietnam Veterans of America (VVA), an organization whose national president, Robert Muller, laid a wreath at the grave of Ho Chi Minh with the inscription, "With respect from the Vietnam Veterans of America."

Bear in mind that 9 million Americans served during the Vietnam era, while the VVA membership is less than 30,000 (contrast this with the American Legion's 700,000 Vietnam era members and the VFW's 500,000). Also, remember that VVA does not base its membership on discharge status. They welcome even those who were discharged dishonorably as well as those who deserted.

To further illustrate the leftist character of the organization, Mr. Muller has openly stated that his group seeks reconciliation with the communist government of Vietnam and has called for teams of "observers" to visit Latin America to oppose U. S. policy there. Indeed, the illustrious *Penthouse* magazine sponsored one of Mr. Muller's trips to Vietnam; and when he returned, he stated on a network TV appearance, "I think Jane Fonda epitomizes what being an American citizen is all about."

VVA has also interfered with our government's efforts to resolve the status of our MIAs by separately calling for normalization of relations with Vietnam prior to a full accounting of all American MIAs. Moreover, the VVA has received permission from the Vietnamese government to send a group of American scientists to Vietnam to assess the possibility for conducting an inquiry into the effects of Agent Orange (you can bet that the Orange report will be Red).

With all this in mind, Senator Denton filed a personal objection to the bill that sought a federal charter for VVA when it was placed on the unanimous consent calendar. This parliamentary maneuver has thus far prevented passage of the bill.

So what, you might ask, does all this have to do with the Confederate Memorial Association?

Well, actually, quite a lot. You see, Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts is one of the chief proponents of the VVA bill, and he was not happy with Senator Denton's legislative ploy.

So, when he noted that Senator Denton's bill to give a federal charter to the Confederate Memorial Association was slated for passage in the Senate, he retaliated against Denton by filing a personal objection to our CMA bill which, in effect, holds our bill hostage to the VVA bill.

As John Brown discovered when he took Colonel Washington hostage during his Harpers Ferry raid in 1859, Southerners are not intimidated by hostage-taking. Officers of the Confederate Memorial Association have met with Senator Denton and encouraged him to stand fast on this issue.

We are proud to be a part of an organization that has stopped the leftist VVA dead in its tracks, the CMA's federal charter notwithstanding.

Now, who was it that said we were living in the past?

For his outstanding effort in obtaining 40 original Senatorial co-sponsors for the CMA charter bill, Senator Denton was selected to receive the Confederate Memorial Association's Distinguished Service Award.

Several other outstanding individuals were given awards at our Confederate Embassy. Dr. Russell Kirk of Mecosta, Michigan received his Distinguished Service Award for his unique contribution to American intellectual life and especially for the sympathetic attention he has given to the South in both his scholarly and popular writings. Another recipient was Charles Scott Hamel, president of the Foundation for American Education. We honored Mr. Hamel for his successful publishing ventures in producing the *Southern Partisan* magazine and several rare classics on the South, including *The Charleston Book* (edited by William Gilmore Simms), *Singin' Billy* (a folk opera by the late Donald Davidson), and the soon-to-be-published *Glittering Illusions* by Sheldon Vanauken. Last (but far from least) we were pleased to honor Miss Amy Rebecca Jennings, president of the District of Columbia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, for her leadership which resulted in the Confederacy being included in the Presidential Inaugural, a first in the history of our country.

THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

ROCK HUDSON

SURE, I HAVE GOOD FRIENDS WHO ARE HOMOSEXUAL...

Don't you? And whereas the acts of sodomy are probably the most repulsive desecrations in the sexual order, they are by no means so hideous as formal sins of the mind in their highest degree, such as the intellectual pride that leads to denial of Christ, or desperation, or stony-heartedness, of which an overwhelming majority of us at one time or other have stood condemned.

Having said as much, it was the carnal transgressions of Sodom and Gomorrah that singled them out for destruction.

The secular press simply will not mention what is going on, unless with a smirk of condescension. But the terrible swift sword of the dread AIDs disease is surely what in other ages would be acknowledged a sign of God's wrath. It is only the least subtle notice of divine displeasure with the swinishness of our age. There is herpes. There are antibiotic-resistant strains of the conventional venereal diseases. Not to count the anomie and related psychological stresses that afflict the sexually promiscuous...

God's law as revealed through Scripture and as interpreted by Christendom over the millenia is intimately related to the natural law. The Stoics grounded it in the *logos*. To St. Paul it was a sense of right and wrong embedded in human nature, as when he speaks of a law "written in the hearts" of the Gentiles. St. Augustine developed this notion: human beings lived freely under the natural law before the Fall. And Thomas Aquinas saw it as "nothing else than the participation of the eternal law in the rational creature."

Thinkers up through the ages each have had their interpretations of this innate apprehension of the right moral order, arguing variously that is is rooted in divine reason (Aquinas), or in divine will (Duns Scotus), or independently of the Creator (Hugo Grotius), or in the *jus naturale* that existed in a pre-civilizational state (Hobbes), and so forth. Whether we are believers or damnfools stuck fast in the Socratic paradox, we *should* agree that there are things that are plain bad. There are "unnatural" acts. There are ugly and perverted passions. It is as evil to indulge illicit sexual cravings as it is to give in to the homicidal passions. In fact, they are related, and the society that would curb its violent crime must act to discipline, not as in our country tolerate, *all* the animal passions.

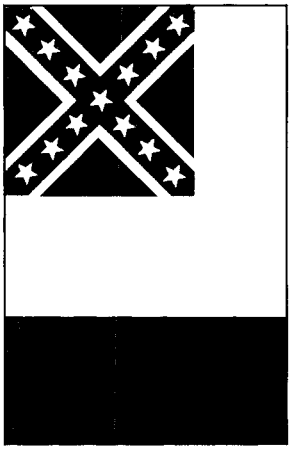
There is a seamless garment about matters moral, as the Roman Catholic bishops are fond of saying. *Time* features teenage pregnancies in its issue of 9 December. You have heard the terrible statistics. Nearly half the black females in our country are pregnant by age 20; 90% of their babies are born out of wedlock. The data for white females are less calamitous but getting worse. *Time's* commentary is heavy with the usual sociological claptrap; but it is notable that social workers are "almost unanimous" in citing television, rock music, videos, and the movies for "propelling the trend toward precocious sexuality. One survey has shown that in the course of a year the average viewer sees more than 9,000 scenes of suggested sexual intercourse or innuendo on prime-time TV."

Lutheran pastor Richard John Neuhaus (*Commentary*, May 1985) argues that we Americans are "incorrigibly religious." Recent studies suggest that we have never been more so, with 94% professing belief in God, 88% believing that the Bible is the inspired word of God; 89% claiming to pray regularly, and 90% identifying themselves with a Christian denomination or as Jews. This is comforting; but these same folk are lapping up the melodramas that routinely purvey an unrelievedly secular ethos, in which carnal lust and other base appetites rule. Our children are absorbing these attitudes through their eyeballs, on the average six hours a day. Is there somewhere a corrective influence? Not institutionally. The *New York Times* carried an article in its issue of 2 December reporting that "many educators in the New York area...deliberately avoid trying to tell students what is ethically right and wrong." Declared one jackass, "If I come from the position of what is right and what is wrong, then I'm not their counselor." Not only are courses in morals and ethics almost absent, the view that is being inculcated of religion is hostile: "Questions on one test (given to 26 high school juniors and seniors) measure possibly 'unhealthy' religious convictions."

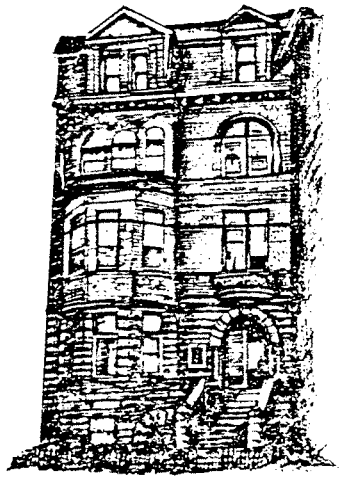
So there we go. Ours is the first society in all the history of civilization that institutionally professes no values, unless they be a dumb pluralism. It won't survive because it can't work. We are raising ethical illiterates who are encouraged by almost everything they see and hear to flout the natural laws that have governed the dark cravings of the human heart immemorially; the Author of which laws, some of us wouldn't wonder, is striking back.

THE CONFEDERATE EMBASSY...

Dedicated to the Preservation of Southern Culture



Other embassies are supported by governments. Our Confederate Embassy is supported by people... members of the Confederate Memorial Association who are striving to save the only shrine to the Confederacy in the nation's capital—The Confederate Memorial Hall Museum. When you think about the value of this effort to preserve values, we think you'll want a CMA Membership Card. Please send the coupon today!



Confederate Memorial Association, Inc.
1322 Vermont Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Gentlemen:

YES, I support your efforts to preserve Southern Culture. Enroll me as a $20 active member of the Confederate Memorial Association and send me my CMA Membership Card.
(Please make checks payable to Confederate Memorial Association. Donations are tax deductible.)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State: _____ Zip: _____

Also include me as a Patron of the Hall for my additional contribution of:

☐ $50 ☐ $100 ☐ $250 ☐ $500 ☐ $1,000 ☐ _____Other

My Patron's Certificate, an 8½" × 11" parchment, should be inscribed as follows:

_____

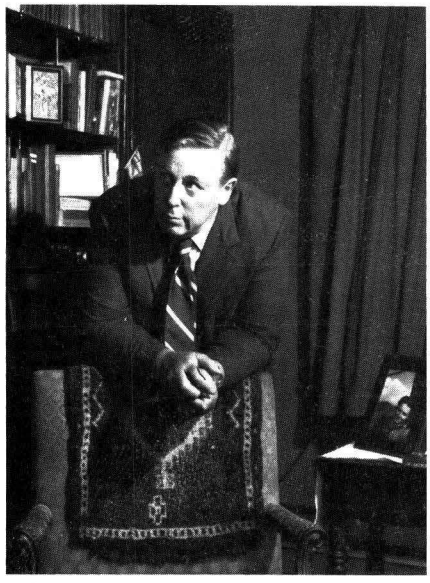
A SPECIAL

PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER FOR READERS OF THE *SOUTHERN PARTISAN*

THE GLITTERING ILLUSION by Sheldon Vanauken is being printed in a limited edition of 150 copies, signed and numbered by the author. This collectors edition will be sent as a gift to those who donate $40 or more to THE FOUNDATION FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION a **tax-exempt public foundation** dedicated to traditional literary and cultural values.

The Glittering Illusion, an expanded and revised version of best-selling author Sheldon Vanauken's brilliant Oxford thesis, is perhaps the most important book on British-Confederate foreign relations published in the twentieth century. Making use of heretofore ignored documents in the British Foreign Office, Vanauken **proves** that Great Britain would have entered the War Between the States **on the side of the Confederacy** except for one "glittering illusion" — they believed so fiercely and firmly in the genius of Robert E. Lee, that they thought their own participation would be unnecessary!

An eloquent tribute to Lee's military prowess, as well as a lament for a tragic misunderstanding that changed the course of history, Vanauken's study is both objective and partisan; a book that will undoubtably alter the way historians look at this most crucial period in American history.



Please send me_____cop(ies) of **THE GLITTERING ILLUSION** by Sheldon Vanauken.

Enclosed you will find my tax-deductible contribution for $_____ (minimum of

$40 per book ordered). Please enclose $1.50 per book for postage and handling.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City_____ **State**_____ **Zip:**_____

Mail this coupon and your contribution to:

THE FOUNDATION FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION

P.O. Box 11708; Columbia, SC 29210